SPIRITUAL SONGS

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. – Col. III, 16.

EDITED BY

G. A. McLAUGHLIN

AND

. & M. J. HARRIS

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Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Mine ... He is
2. I have ... They have
3. He ha ... He is
4. In th ... With a

tramp-li ... loos'd
build - e ... read His
sift - in ... swift my
glo - r ... died to

fate-fu ... on.
righteo ... on.
soul t ... on.
make m ... on.

CHORU

Glo - r ... jah!

Glo - ... on.

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SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1 I Am Satisfied.

A. N. O. J. M. HARRIS.

1. If He, my Lord, is with me still And I in Him a - bide;
2. Thro'past-ures green, or shad - ows deep, With Him my con-stant guide,
3. And tho' at times the things I ask, In love are oft de - nied,
4. From Him my soul, in life or death, No pow'r shall e'er di - vide;

If He but whis - per to my heart, Then I am sat - is - fied.
If step by step He leads me on, Then I am sat - is - fied.
I know He gives me what is best, And I am sat - is - fied.
I read the prom - ise in His word, And I am sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

Sat - is- fied in Je - sus, my Lord, He knows my sor - row and care;

I'll praise His name wher-ev - er I go, And seek His bless-ing in pray'r.

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Fire and the Holy Ghost.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. M. HARRIS.

1. John said of Christ, to the sur-prise Of that great thronging host;
2. When His Dis - ci - ples heard His Word And tar - ried at their post,
3. To - day if we would work for God What we are need-ing most
4. O Lord transform our hearts and minds Lest in our pride we boast,

With wa - ter He shall not bap-tize, But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
They were bap-tized at Pen - te - cost With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
Is to re - ceive the prom-ised pow'r Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
And may we now be sanc - ti - fied By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.

CHORUS.

But fire and the Holy Ghost, But fire and the Holy Ghost.
With fire and the Holy Ghost, With fire and the Holy Ghost.
Of fire and the Holy Ghost, Of fire and the Holy Ghost.
By fire and the Holy Ghost, By fire and the Holy Ghost.
fire and the Ho - ly Ghost, fire and the Ho - ly Ghost,

With wa - ter He shall not bap-tize But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
They were bap-tized at Pen - te - cost With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
Is to re - ceive the promised pow'r Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
And may we now be sanc - ti - fied By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.

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Living on the Vict'ry Side.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I'm o - ver in Ca-naan where riches abound, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
2. I've reckoned myself to be dead un-to sin, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
3. No long-er by fears am I fettered and bound, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
4. I walk in the sunshine of God's ho-ly light, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
5. The discords are hushed and my heart is all love, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
6. The Lord whom I trust is my strength and my song, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;

Each day go-ing on to poss-ess higher ground, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
I've ris-en with Christ who a-bid-eth with-in, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
Sweet freedom in service at last I have found, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
The will of my Lord is my joy and de-light, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
My soul is in tune with the mn-sic a-bove, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
No foes can a-larm since to Him I be-long, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.

Chorus.

Sing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
Sing glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!

Since Christ my soul hath sanc-ti-fied, I'm liv-ing on the vic-t'ry side.

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PACIFIC SCHOOL

The River of God.

ABBIE MILLS. J. M. HARRIS.

1. The riv -er of God with its boun-ti - ful flow Rolls on from our Father's land,
2. O, have you not heard the sweet musical rhythm That floats on this crystal tide?
3. O, say, have you tasted the pleas-ure-ful cup And drank of sal-va-tion free?
4. The riv - er is deep, and the channel is wide Enough for a world's sore need,
5. And on, ev - er on, in their wid-en - ing sway, These life-giv-ing wa-ters glide,

Its wa-ters are full Of peace for the soul That sighs for the heav'n-ly strand.
It sings of the Son Who vic - to - ry won To gain Him a spot - less bride!
There's no other bliss Can e'er e - qual this, Or sat - is - fy you and me.
And in - fi - nite love Opes win-dows a - bove The wa-ters be-neath to speed.
The earth shall be filled With glory dis-tilled A glo - ry to e'er a - bide!

CHORUS.

Roll on, oh beau-ti-ful riv - er Roll on, from the heav-en-ly strand,
roll on, roll on,

Roll on, with life giv - ing cur-rent Re-fresh-ing the thirst-y land.
roll on,

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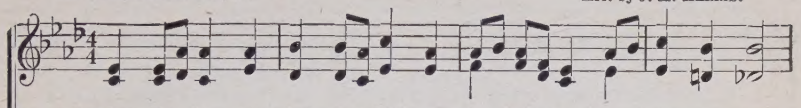
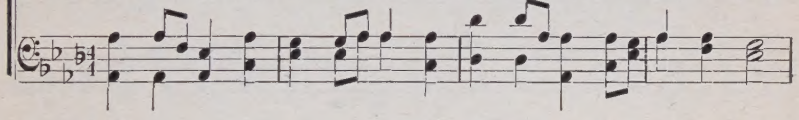
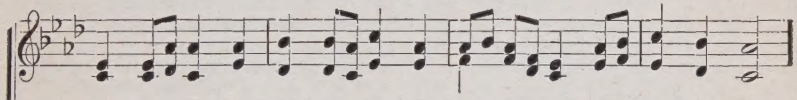
Christ is With Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Arr. by J. M. HARRIS.

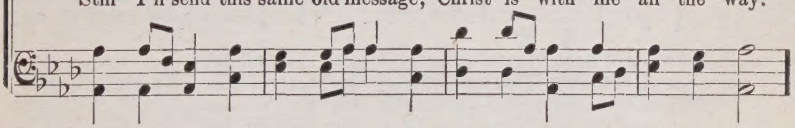


1. As Je - ho - vah led the Hebrews, On their march from day to day;
2. Not by night with fier - y pil - lar, Nor a sa - ble cloud by day;
3. Tho' the friends of earth de-sert me, Rich - es per - ish, hopes de - cay;
4. When life's storms are sweeping round me, When the billows dash and spray;
5. When I'm passing down death's val-ley, When the shadows round me play;

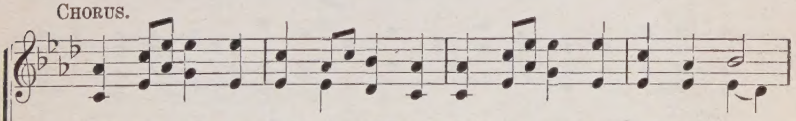




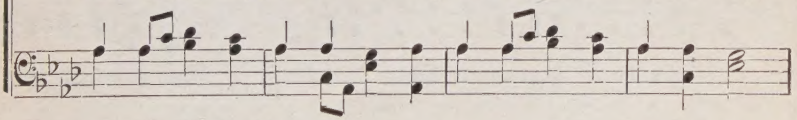
So thro' life I'm al - so guid - ed, Christ is with me all the way.
But I'm led by One who loves me, Christ is with me all the way.
There is One who ne'er for-sakes me, Christ is with me all the way.
Yet, my soul is calm and peaceful, Christ is with me all the way.
Still I'll send this same old message, "Christ is with me all the way."

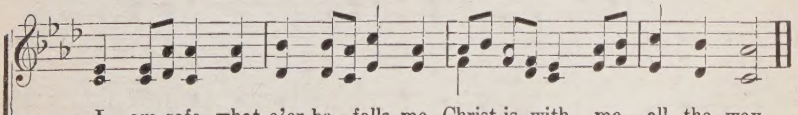


CHORUS.

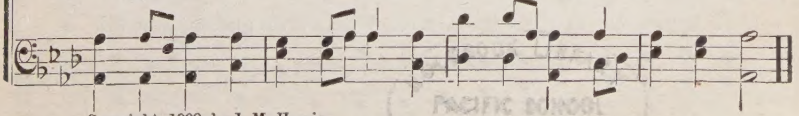


Christ is with me, Christ is with me, Guid - ing me from day to day;





I am safe, what-e'er be - falls me, Christ is with me all the way.



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The Great Glad Day.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the first glimpse of heav-en breaks up-on our rap-tured sight, What a
2. When we march thro' the gates and hear the wel-come of our King, What a
3. When we meet with the loved ones who have laid their ar - mor down, What a
4. There the storms nev - er beat, and the sur-ges nev - er roll,— What a

day of re-joic-ing that will be! When we stand face to face with Je - sus
day of re-joic-ing that will be! When with saints and the an - gels we u -
day of re-joic-ing that will be! When the Lord shall be-stow on us a
day of re-joic-ing that will be! There no death ev - er en-ters, there no

CHORUS.

in that world of light, What a great glad day that will be.
nite His praise to sing, What a great glad day that will be. What a great glad
bright immortal crown, What a great glad day that will be.
sorrows reach the soul; What a great glad day that will be.

day that will be, What a great glad day that will be; When we meet, nev-er

Hallelujah!

more to part, on that e - ter-nal shore, What a great glad day that will be.

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Praise His Name Forever.

MILDRED HAINES. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Je - sus came from His home on high, Praise His name for - ev - er;
2. Peace and par - don He purchased there, Praise His name for - ev - er;
3. Grace and mer - cy are of - fered free, Praise His name for - ev - er;
4. Life e - ter - nal may all re-ceive, Praise His name for - ev - er;
5. Full sal - va - tion is now for all, Praise His name for - ev - er;
6. Heav'n is o-pened for you and me, Praise His name for - ev - er;

Came on Cal - va - ry's cross to die, Praise His name for - ev - er.
All to save us from dark de-spair, Praise His name for - ev - er.
Of - fered free - ly to you and me, Praise His name for - ev - er.
If on Je - sus you will be-lieve, Praise His name for - ev - er.
Come, ac - cept - ing His gra - cious call, Praise His name for - ev - er.
Thro' sal - va - tion so full and free, Praise His name for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Praise His name, His glo-ri-ous name, He purchased sal-va-tion for me;

Thro' His grace and love a-bound-ing, My spir - it now is free.

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I Still Have The Blessing.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I can ne'er for-get the day, when the Lord did me bap-tize With the
2. 'Twas when I sur-rend-ered all, God His spir - it did im-part, E'en the
3. How the pow'r that day came down and the gift was sanc - ti - fied By the
4. Ev - 'ry long - ing soul to - day may be ful - ly sat - is - fied, By the

Ho-ly Ghost and fire; When up - on the al - tar lay my un - wor-thy sac-ri-
Ho-ly Ghost and fire; And that love en-kin-dled flame still is burning in my
Ho-ly Ghost and fire; And the prom-ise of our Lord un - to me was ver - i-
Ho-ly Ghost and fire; Yes, the Com-for-ter will come in His tem-ple to a-

Chorus.

fice, And He sent the Ho - ly Ghost and fire.
heart, 'Tis the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost and fire. And I still have the
fied, For He sent the Ho - ly Ghost and fire.
bide, E'en the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost and fire.

bless-ing, praise His name, And I still have the bless-ing
oh, praise His ho - ly name,

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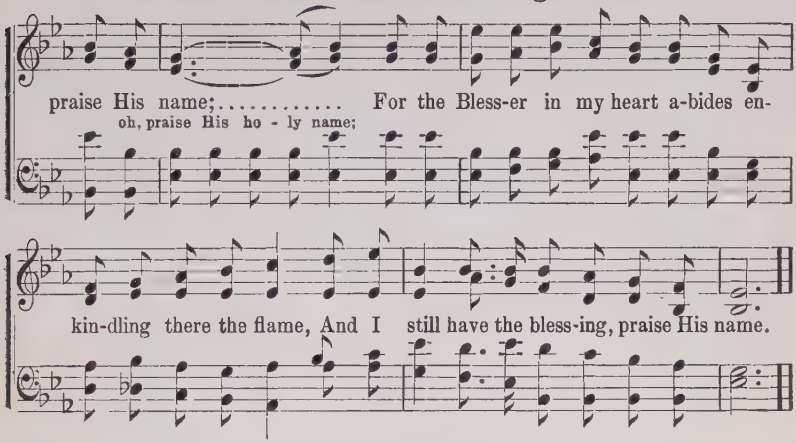
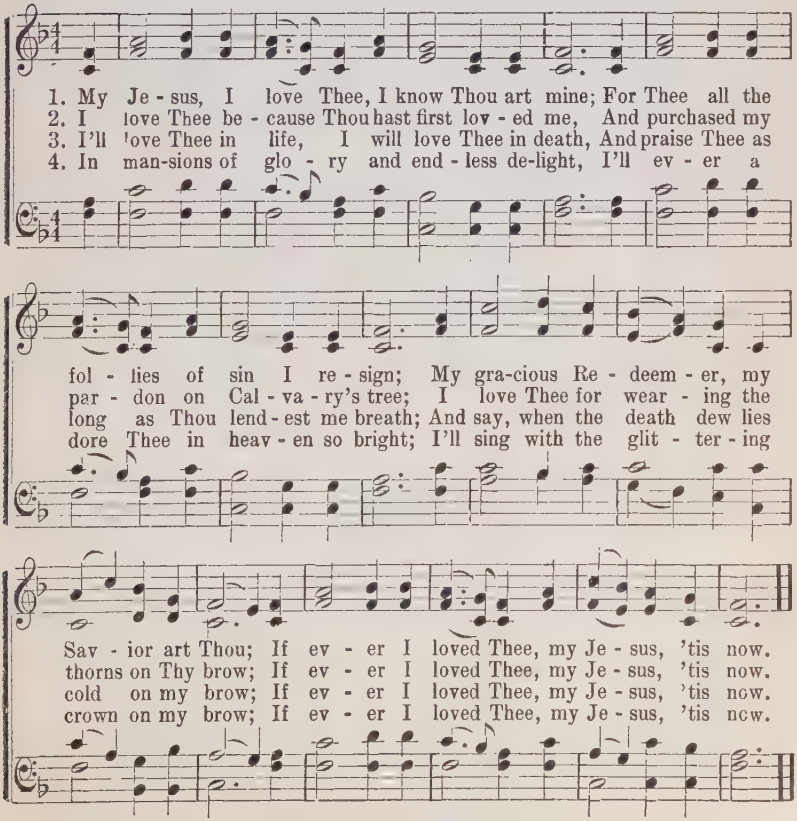
I Still Have the Blessing. Concluded.



9 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.



The Old-Time Religion.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. I be - lieve in the old-time re - lig - ion, For it saves from all sin
2. I be - lieve in a heart-felt re - lig - ion, That brings joy to the soul
3. I be - lieve in a ho - ly re - lig - ion, For the saints of all a-
4. I be - lieve in the old-time re - lig - ion, For we know we are right

here be - low, Gives me peace pass-ing all un - der-stand-ing, While the
ev - 'ry day; The as - sur - ance of sins all for-giv - en, Thro' the
ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bond-age, When they
with our God; And there's joy in our hearts as we're walk-ing, In the

Chorus.

riv - ers of pleasure doth flow.
blood they are all washed away. Oh give me the old-time re-lig - ion,
heard the sweet story of old. the old-time religion.
paths which our fathers have trod.

Oh give me the joy I can know; I be - lieve in the old-time re-
I can know; the

lig - ion, As our fa - thers re-ceived long a - go.
old - time re - lig - ion,

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Revive Thy Work.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We come for grace, oh Lord, Thou on - ly canst im - part;
2. May fire from heav'n come down And all our dross con - sume;
3. Make this an "up - per room," "Pe - ni - el" to each soul;
4. Oh set us free to serve, Give per - fect lib - er - ty;
5. May we be salt in - deed Which hath not sa - vor lost;

Be now the Ho - ly Ghost out-poured, Up - on each wait - ing heart.
May rich suc - cess our la - bors crown: Poor wan - der - ers come home.
May ti - dal waves of glo - ry come And o'er our spir - its roll.
Now for the fight our spir - its nerve, Till more than conquer'rs we.
Here will we tar - ry, pray and plead, Till filled with Pen - te - cost.

Chorus.

Re - vive Thy work, re - vive Thy work, Breathe on us breath of God;

Re - vive Thy work, re - vive Thy work, Breathe on us breath of God.

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12 Follow, Follow Jesus All the Way

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. M. Harris.

1. If you would reach that cit-y o-ver on the golden strand, Just
2. If storms should gather o'er you and the path is out of sight, Just
3. If for-tune e'er should fail you and your friends should leave your side, Just
4. When you shall reach the borders of the soul's e-ter-nal shore, Just

fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way; If you would claim your mansion
fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way; Or when the sun is shin-ing
fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way; If you would still be hap-py
fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way; He'll guide you thro' the cur-rent,

:S: Fine.

o-ver in the promised land, Just fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way.
and the skies are fair and bright, Just fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way.
what-so-ev-er may be-tide, Just fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way.
He will lead you safe-ly o'er, Just fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way.

D. S.—*if a Chris-tian you would be, Is, fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way.*

Chorus.

Yes, fol-low, fol-low Je-sus, tho' the way you may not see, Just

D.S.

fol-low in His foot-steps day by day; The on-ly rule to fol-low

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13 Jesus Will Save You To-Day.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Come, poor sin - ner, tho' halt and blind, Je - sus will save you to - day;
2. Do not long - er the Spir - it grieve, Je - sus will save you to - day;
3. Love and mer - cy still pleads with thee, Je - sus will save you to - day;
4. Friends and loved ones in-vite thee now, Je - sus will save you to - day;

Come, and mer - cy thy soul shall find, Je - sus will save you to - day.
Come, His prom - i - ses now be - lieve, Je - sus will save you to - day.
Wait no long - er but come and see, Je - sus will save you to - day.
Pay thy oft - en re - peat - ed vow, Je - sus will save you to - day.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will save you to - day, He will not turn thee a - way;
Je - sus will save you to-day, He will not turn thee a-way:

Par-don and mer-cy He waits to be-stow, Je - sus will save you to - day.

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He that Winneth Souls.

E. E. Hewitt. J. M. Harris.

1. Bless - ed is the serv - ice of our Lord and King, Pre - cious
2. In the qui - et home-life, show-ing love's bright ray, More and
3. Out up - on the high-way, go - ing forth with prayer, For the
4. Sow be - side all wa - ters, sow the gos - pel seed, Here a

are the jew - els we may help to bring; Down the pass-ing
more like Je - sus, liv - ing ev - 'ry day, We may guide a
lost and stray - ing, seek - ing ev - 'ry - where, Close be - side the
word in sea - son; there a lov - ing deed; Sin - ners to the

rit. ad lib.

ag - es words of coun - sel ring, He that win-neth souls is wise.
dear one to the heav'n-ward way, He that win-neth souls is wise.
Shepherd, we His joy may share, He that win-neth souls is wise.
Sav - ior, be it ours to lead, He that win-neth souls is wise.

Chorus.

He that winneth souls is wise; In the home beyond the skies,
He that winneth, winneth souls is wise, In the home be - yond, beyond the skies,

rit. ad lib

There's a crown of glo - ry, oh, the wondrous prize! He that winneth souls is wise.

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Home of the Soul.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Moderato and effectuoso.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The
2. O, that home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams, Its
3. There the great trees of life in their beau - ty do grow, And the
4. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where
5. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So

:S:

far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
bright jas - per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but
riv - er of life flow - eth by, For no death ev - er
Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
free from all sor - row and pain! With songs on our

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e-
thin - ly the vale in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair
en - ters that cit - y, you know, And noth - ing that
king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our
lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-

1 2 FINE D. S.

ter - ni - ty roll, roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll;
cit - y and me, me. Be - tween the fair cit - y and me;
mak-eth a lie, lie. And noth - ing that mak - eth a lie;
crowns in His hands, hands. And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands;
oth - er a - gain, gain. To meet one an - oth - er a - gain;

Another Pentecost.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We to - day may have the pow-er which they had at Pen-te-cost, Just the
2. It was while they all were pray-ing, that the Spir-it was out-pour'd, We may
3. As the Spir - it gave them utt'rance they be - gan to tes - ti - fy, We may
4. As we tar - ry here, O Father, cleanse and fill each waiting heart, With the
5. Now the glorious scene re-peat - ing in an - oth - er Pen-te-cost, Send the

ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; This our her - i - tage in Je - sus,
have the same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; In like man-ner we must wait with
have the same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; And three thousand were con-vert-ed
ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; Lib - er - ty and strength for service
ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; Un - to Thee shall be the glo - ry,

f Fine.

e'en the bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.
one de - sire and one ac-cord, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.
and their Lord did glo - ri - fy, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.
to Thy chil-dren all im-part, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, For the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.

D. S.—*Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.*

Chorus.

The ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r, Praise, O praise His ho - ly

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Another Pentecost Concluded.

D. S.

name for-ev - er! Just the ver - y same pow'r Jesus promised should come down,

17 Cross Jordan Today.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. Come en - ter in - to Ca - naan land, Cross Jor-dan to - day;
2. Oh, see the wine up - on the lees, Cross Jor-dan to - day;
3. Then fol - low Christ, your liv - ing head, Cross Jor-dan to - day;
4. Then fear no long - er a - ny foe, Cross Jor-dan to - day;

The Lord will lead you by the hand, Cross Jor-dan to - day.
And pom - e - gran - ates on the trees, Cross Jor-dan to - day.
And gi - ants there will be as bread, Cross Jor-dan to - day.
God's sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r you'll know, Cross Jor-dan to - day.

Chorus.

Cross Jor - dan to - day, to - day, Cross Jor - dan to - day, to - day,

Its waves will di-vide, They'll stand at your side, Cross Jor-dan to - day.

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I've Pitched My Tent in Beulah.

(Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hollow Rock.)

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS

1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the promised land, I trust-ed in my Sav - ior and to His guiding hand, He led me out to vict'ry through the great red sea, I sang a song of triumph, and shout-ed I am free.
2. I fol-lowed close be-side Him and the land soon found, I did not halt or trem-ble, for Ca-naan I was bound, My Guide I ful - ly trust-ed and He led me in, I shout-ed hal - le - lu - jah, my heart is free from sin.
3. I start-ed for the high-lands where the fruits a-bound, I pitched my tent near He-bron, there grapes of eshcol found, With milk and hon - ey flowing, and new wine so free, I have no love for E - gypt, it has no charms for me.
4. My heart is so en-rapt-ured as I press a - long, Each day I find new blessings which fill my heart with song, I'm ev - er marching on-ward to that land on high, Some day I'll reach my mansion that's build-ed in the sky.

CHORUS.

You need not look for me, down in E-gypt's sand, For I have pitched my tent far up in Beu - lah land; You tent far up in Beu - lah land.

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We'll Wear a Crown.

Mrs. A. B. H. — Mrs. A. B. Horton.

1. When we have pass'd this vale of tears, We'll wear a crown;
2. While age on age shall roll a - long, We'll wear a crown;
3. Too daz - ling for a sin - ner's sight, We'll wear a crown;
4. And all who to such bliss as - pire, We'll wear a crown;
5. Faith wings the soul be - yond the sky, We'll wear a crown;
6. We all may have a spot - less dress, We'll wear a crown;

We'll wear a crown, well wear a crown;

All thro' the nev - er - end - ing years, We'll wear a crown.
With gold - en harps we'll sing the song, We'll wear a crown.
All pure and gemm'd with liv - ing light, We'll wear a crown.
Must win their way thro' blood and fire, We'll wear a crown.
Up to that glo - rious world on high, We'll wear a crown.
It is the robe of ho - li - ness, We'll wear a crown.

We'll wear a star - ry crown.

Chorus. Arr.

And when the bat - tle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown! And when the bat-tle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

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I Will Praise Him.

Dedicated to my Friend, Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. When I saw the cleansing fount-ain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seem'd straight and narrow, All I claim'd was swept a - way;
3. Then God's fire up - on the al - tar Of my heart was set a - flame;
4. Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus, I'm so glad He took me in;

I o - beyed the Spir - it's woo - ing When He said, Wilt thou be clean?
My am - bi - tions, plans and wish-es, At my feet in ash - es lay.
I shall nev - er cease to praise Him, Glo-ry! glo - ry! to His name.
He's for - giv - en my trans-gres-sions, He has cleansed my heart from sin.

Chorus. *Faster.*

I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;
for sinners slain;

Give Him glo-ry all ye peo - ple, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.

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Living for Jesus.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, oh, what peace, Riv - ers of pleas - ure
2. Liv - ing for Je - sus, oh, what rest; Pleas-ing my Sav - ior,
3. Liv - ing for Je - sus, ev - 'ry - where, All of my bur - dens
4. Liv - ing for Je - sus, till at last In - to His glo - ry

nev - er cease; Tri - als may come, yet I'll not fear,
I am blest; On - ly to live for Him a - lone,
He doth bear; Friends may for - sake me, He'll be true,
I have passed, There to be - hold Him on His throne,

CHORUS.

Liv - ing for Jo - sus, He is near.
Do - ing His will till life is done. Help me to serve Thee
Trusting in Him, He'll guide me through.
Hear from His lips, "My child, well done."

more and more, Help me to praise Thee o'er and o'er; Live in Thy

pres-ence day by day, Nev - er to turn from Thee a - way.

Copyright, 1903, by C. F. Weigele.

The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry, The
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you, And
spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The

Chorus. *Unison.*

tri-umph of the right will soon ap-pear.
in His strength un-to the end en-dure. The fight is on, O Chris-tian
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, ... With ar-mor

gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and wrong en-gage to-day;

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Harmony. **The Fight Is On.** Concluded.

The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in His might hold fast;

If God be for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.
vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

23 Take Me as I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. (Har. by W. J. K.) REV. JNO. H, STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un- less thou help me, I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No prep- a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal- va- tion I would prove;
5. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart renew,
6. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won;

S: FINE.

Oh, bring thy free sal - va- tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Yet save me for thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

D.S.—bring thy free sal - va- tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

The Victory Side of Life.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Though tri - als and troub-les in life may a - bound, And sor - rows like bil - lows at strife, Keep look - ing to Je - sus, re - mem-ber - ing this,
2. When friends whom we've trusted have prov - en un - true, And e - vil re- ports are all rife, Let faith nev - er wav - er, stand true to our God,
3. When wag - ing the con - flict of right a-gainst wrong, And when all a- round you is strife, Then shout on the bat - tle and ev - er stand firm,

CHORUS.

There's a vic - to - ry side to life.
On the vic - to - ry side of life.
On the vic - to - ry side of life.

Keep . . . . on the vic - to - ry side, ev - er keep,
Faith . . . . is the vic - to - ry side, liv - ing faith,

Keep . . . . on the vic-to - ry side, ev - er keep,
Faith . . . . is the vic-to - ry side, liv - ing faith,

Keep . . . on the vic - to-ry side, ev-er keep,
Faith . . . is the vic - to-ry side, liv-ing faith,

1 2

The vic - to - ry side of life, for, The vic - to - ry side of life.

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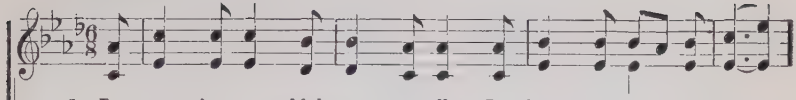
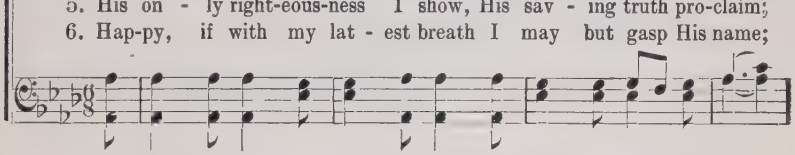
Oh! How I Love Jesus.

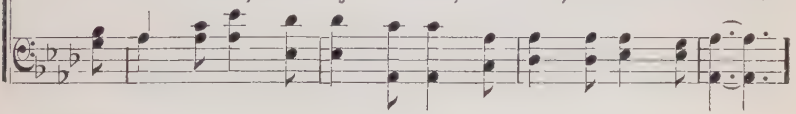
CHAS. WESLEY.



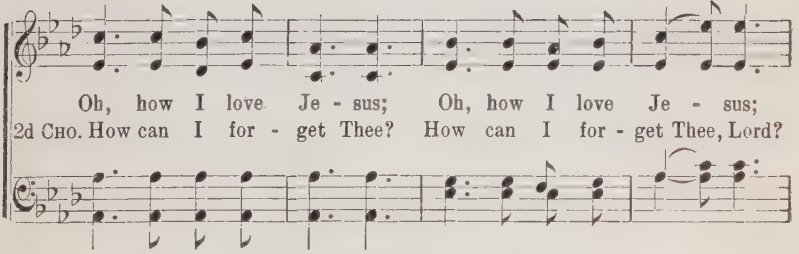
1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;
3. Je - sus, the pris'ner's fet - ters breaks, And bruis - es Sa - tan's head;
4. Oh, that the world might taste and see The rich - es of His grace;
5. His on - ly right-eous-ness I show, His sav - ing truth pro-claim;
6. Hap-py, if with my lat - est breath I may but gasp His name;



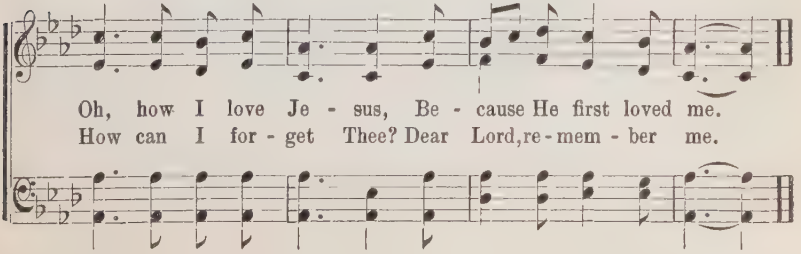
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
Pow'r in - to strengthless souls He speaks, And life in - to the dead.
The arms of love that com - pass me, Would all mankind em-brace.
'Tis all my busi-ness here be - low To cry, Be-hold the Lamb!
Preach Him to all, and cry in death, Be - hold, be-hold the Lamb!



CHORUS.



Oh, how I love Je - sus; Oh, how I love Je - sus;
2d CHO. How can I for - get Thee? How can I for - get Thee, Lord?



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.
How can I for - get Thee? Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas - ter's feet, There is fa - vor
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a -
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are
4. There is per - fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of

now at the mer-cy-seat, For a - ton-ing blood has been sprinkled there;
bove is a Friend in-deed, We may cast on Him ev - 'ry grief and care;
sad with its ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en-snare,
love for the seek-ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair;

Chorus.

There is always a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be-

lieving pray'r; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's

love will re-ceive us there; There is al-ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

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He Took My Sins Away.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. I came to Je - sus, wea-ry, worn and sad, He took my sins a - way,
2. The load of sin was more than I could bear, He took them all a - way,
3. No con - dem - na - tion have I in my heart, He took my sins a - way,
4. If you will come to Je-sus Christ to-day, He'll take your sins a - way,

He took my sins a - way; And now His love has made my heart so glad,
He took them all a - way; And now on Him I roll my ev - 'ry care,
He took my sins a - way; His per - fect peace He did to me im-part,
He'll take your sins a - way; And keep you hap - py in His love each day,

Chorus.

He took my sins a - way.
He took my sins a - way. He took my sins a - way,
He took my sins a - way.
He'll take your sins a - way.

He took my sins a - way, And keeps me sing - ing ev - 'ry day!

I'm so glad He took my sins a - way, He took my sins a - way.

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It Never Runs Dry.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Heark-en to-day to the blest in-vi-ta-tion Giv-en in love by our
2. Look! for its source is in Cal-va-ry's mountain, Where the dear Sav-ior was
3. Saints of all a-ges its vir-tue have test-ed; No oth-er hope of sal-

Fa-ther on high; Come to the won-der-ful stream of sal-va-tion,
lift-ed on high; Pure and ex-haust-less it springs from the fount-ain,
va-tion is nigh; Here where our fa-thers and moth-ers have feast-ed,

Chorus.

Drink of the fountain that nev-er runs dry.
Life-giv-ing cur-rent that nev-er runs dry. It nev-er runs
We, too, may drink, for it nev-er runs dry. It nev-er, no

dry; . . . . . It nev-er . . . . runs dry, ... This
nev-er runs dry; It nev-er, nev-er runs dry,

won-der-ful stream of sal-va-tion, . . . It nev-er . . . . runs
sal-va-tion, It nev-er runs dry,

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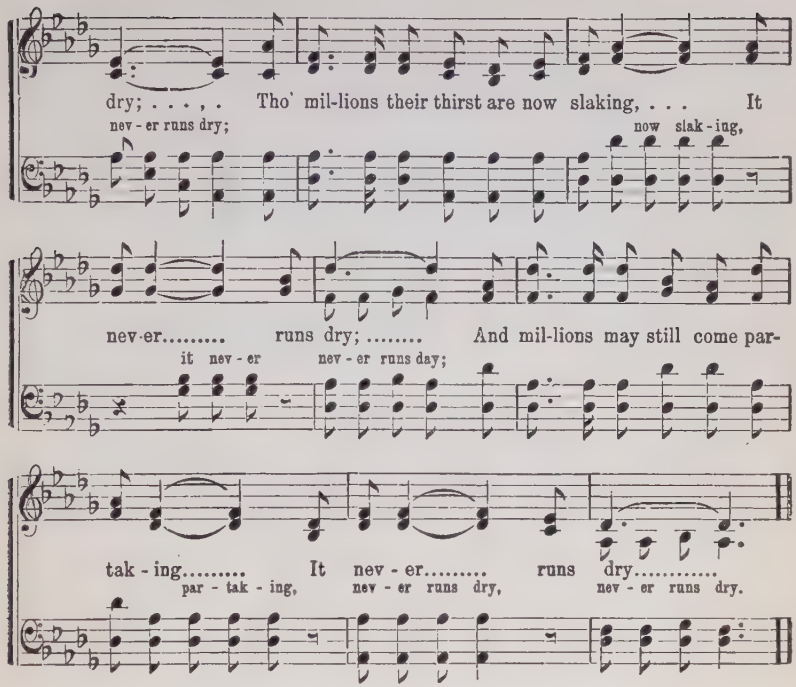
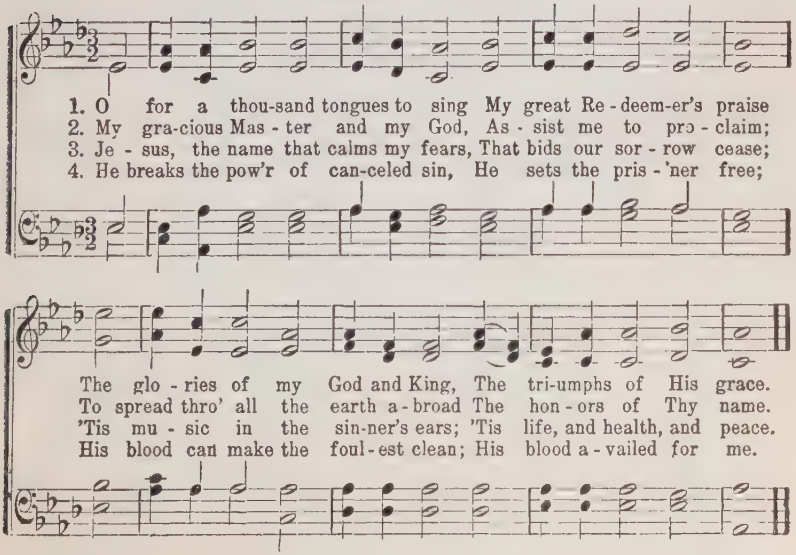
It Never Runs Dry. Concluded.



29 O for a Thousand Tongues.

Azmon. C. M. Arr. Lowell Mason.



At the Feet of Jesus Waiting.

ALICE M. LOWE. N. S. HOWARD.

1. At the feet of Je - sus wait-ing, I have heard His sweet command:
2. At the feet of Je - sus wait-ing, Do-ing what He bids me do,
3. At the feet of Je - sus wait-ing, Lay-ing ev - 'ry bur-den down,

"Go and work with-in my vine-yard, La-bor with Thy heart and hand."
Toil-ing, suffering, and en - dur-ing, For His grace will bear me through.
Leav-ing all the world can give me, For a bright and glorious crown!

CHORUS.

I am waiting, always waiting, Waiting now to do His will:
I am waiting, always waiting,

Waiting now to bear the mes-sage, And my call-ing to ful fil.

4 At the feet of Jesus waiting
Just as He would have me be,
Waiting for the home in glory
He's preparing now for me.

5 At the feet of Jesus waiting,
May I ever there be found;
Proving, by my faithful service,
Christ in me to all around.

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Mighty to Save.

J. M. Harris. Carl Matz, Arr.

1. I have a Sav - ior who's might - y to save, Might - y to save,
2. Help-less I came when His word I re-ceived, Might - y to save,
3. On - ly be-lieve in His won - der - ful pow'r, Might - y to save,

might - y to save, He by His death con-quered sin and the grave,
might - y to save, Then in His prom - ise I quick - ly be - lieved,
might - y to save, He in His mer - cy will save you this hour,

Je - sus is might - y to save; He saved my soul from the
Je - sus is might - y to save; All of the bur - den of
Je - sus is might - y to save; Par - don and peace He is

bond - age of sin, Giv - ing me joy and a sweet peace with - in,
sin roll'd a-way, Dark-ness so dense quick - ly turned in - to day,
wait - ing to give, Look un - to Him from your sor - row and live,

Now let His praises for-ev - er be-gin, Je - sus is might-y to save.
Sunshine and love fills my heart all the way, Je - sus is might-y to save.
Do not de - lay all your sins He'll forgive, Je - sus is might-y to save.

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I Must Tell It.

LEWIS EDGAR. L. E. JONES.

1. O'er-shad-owed my heart with a bur-den of grief, I must tell it to
2. When sor-rows op-press me, when tempt-ed or tried, I must tell it to
3. When troubled, there's One, who be-side me doth stand, I must tell it to

Je-sus in pray'r; With heart of com-pas-sion He brings me re-lief,
Je-sus in pray'r; To Him I will hast-en, my sor-rows con-fide,
Je-sus in pray'r; Who else can my heart and its needs un-der-stand,

CHORUS.

I must tell it to Je-sus in pray'r. . . . I must tell it,
must tell it in pray'r. I must tell it to Je-sus, must

tell it, tell it to One, who will care; My load is too
tell it to Je-sus, must

heav-y to car-ry a-lone, I must tell it to Je-sus in pray'r. . . .
must tell it in pray'r.

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Jesus, I Love Thee.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.

1. Je-sus, I love Thee, O how I love Thee! Love Thee for dy-ing,
2. Je-sus, I love Thee, O how I love Thee! Yet 'tis Thy grace that
3. Je-sus, I love Thee, O how I love Thee! Love Thee be-cause Thou
4. Je-sus, I love Thee, O how I love Thee! How could I bear to

me to re-deem; Thou who for sin wast slain up-on Cal-v'ry,
mak-eth it so; Noth-ing but grace so sweet-ly could move me,
first lov-edst me, When on the cross my faith first be-held Thee,
live with-out Thee? Lord, I will trust Thee, fol-low and serve Thee,

CHORUS.

How I de-light to trust in Thy name!
Giv-ing my heart this heav-en-ly glow. Je-sus, I love Thee,
Dy-ing, from sin my soul to make free.
Help me, O Sav-ior, faith-ful to be.

O how I love Thee! Glo-ry to God, from sin I am free! Trusting Thy

grace to keep me for-ev-er, Je-sus, hence-forth, I live but for Thee.

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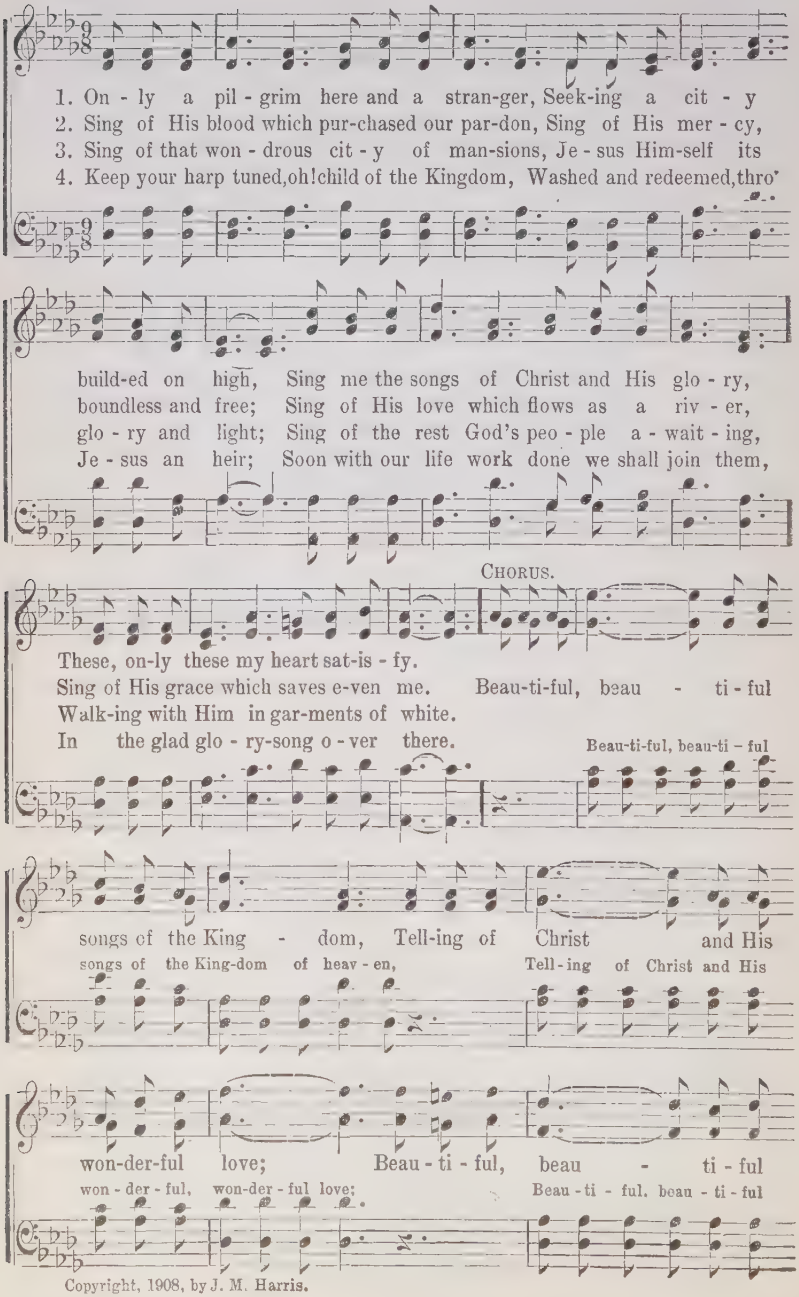
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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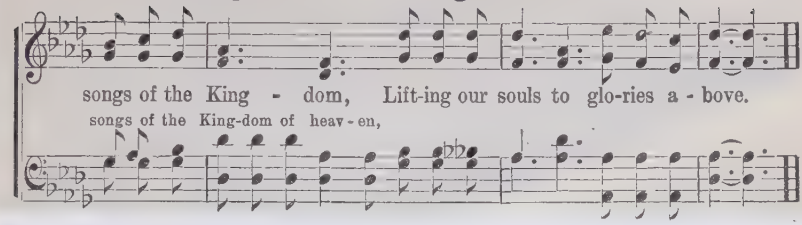
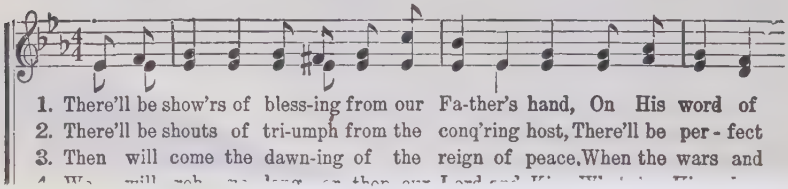
Songs of the Kingdom. Concluded.



When the Tithes are Gathered In.

Mrs. C. H. M. Malachi 3: 8–10. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. There'll be show'rs of bless-ing from our Fa-ther's hand, On His word of
2. There'll be shouts of tri-umph from the conq'ring host, There'll be per - fect
3. Then will come the dawn-ing of the reign of peace, When the wars and

When the Tithes are Gathered In. Concluded.

more than we can con-tain, When the tithes are gathered in.
When the tithes are gathered in,

37 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je-sus who confirms The bless-ed work with-in, By aid-ing grace to
5. And He the witness gives To loy-al hearts and free, That ev-'ry promise
6. All hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deeming grace! All hail, the gift of

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing Lord!
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness!

Com-ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.

By per.

Countless Blessings.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Crown'd and crowded with God's blessings has my path-way been, Ev-'ry mo-ment from His bounty some-thing new; I have tried to count them o-ver, but when I be-gin I can on-ly stop and mar-vel at the view.
2. From His storehouse o-ver-flow-ing, like a king He gives, And with lav-ish hand my ev-'ry need sup-plies; Un-told mer-cies ev-'ry day from Him my heart receives, And to com-pre-hend His good-ness vain-ly tries.
3. Tho' His love I can-not fath-om, or His mer-cies count, Or my debt of grat-i-tude to Him re-pay, Hearts by sin and sor-row bro-ken ev--'ry-where are found, I can pass my bless-ings on to cheer their way.
4. Pressing on-ward, ev-er on-ward, nev-er look-ing back Till I reach my home in yon-der sun-bright clime; With my way to Him com-mit-ted, noth-ing shall I lack For I have the Bless-er with me all the time.

Chorus.

Countless blessings, countless blessings, And blessings more to fol-low, praise His name! I am lost in love and won-der for they come to me. rich and free, praise His name!

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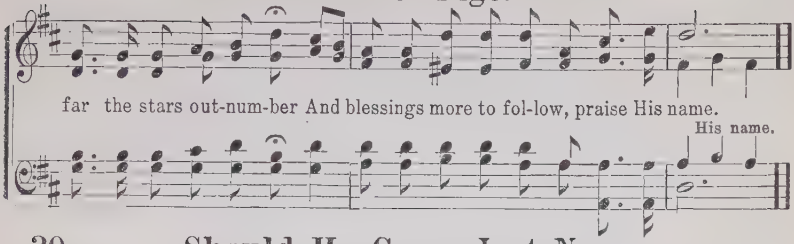
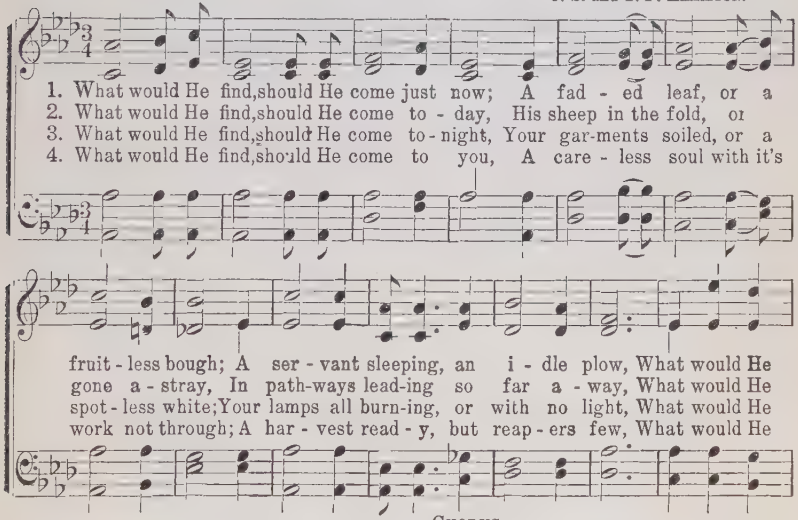
Countless Blessings. Concluded.

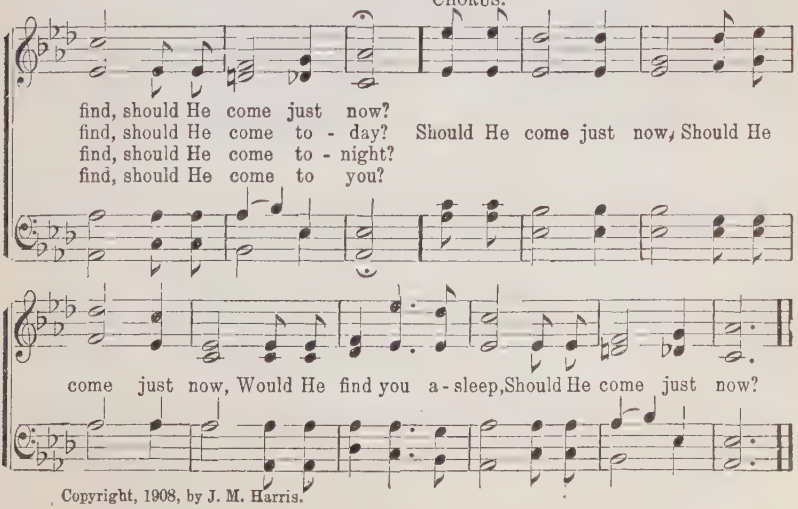


39 Should He Come Just Now.

C. S. and T. P. H. C. S. and T. P. HAMILTON.



CHORUS.



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With My Soul 'Tis Well.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Are you bowed beneath a weight of con-dem - na - tion, Long-ing for some
2. I re-mem - ber when I knelt in deep con - tri - tion, How He spoke for-
3. "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, He will sus - tain thee," I have test - ed
4. Tho' I'm least of those who've tasted His sal - va - tion, He in con - de-

pow'r from sin to set you free? Come to Christ and trust Him for a
give-ness to my sin - sick soul; When I made to Him a per - fect
it, and found the prom-ise true, Now His ev - er - last - ing arms are
scend-ing love a-bides with me; Of the glo - ries of this won-der-

full sal - va-tion, He will do for you what He has done for me.
con - se - cra - tion, How He cleansed my heart and made me ful-ly whole.
un - der-neath me, And I find "His yoke is eas - y, so may you.
ful re-demp - tion Not the half can e'er be told, but come and see.

Chorus.

With my soul 'tis well, I'm so glad to tell How Je - sus' love a-

bides with - in, oh glo - ry! He will do for you what He's

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With My Soul 'Tis Well. Concluded.

done for me, Then o - pen wide the door and let Him in.

41 I Would Not Be Denied.

C. P. JONES.

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,
2. As Ja - cob, in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone, And would not hear my pray'r,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole; I would not be de - nied.
And in - stant, with a cour - age bold, I stood up - on His word.
But, praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ the Lord is here.

CHORUS.

I would not be de - nied, I would not be de - nied,
de - nied, de - nied,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole; I would not be de - nied.
de - nied.

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42 When the Angel's Trump Shall Sound.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. J. M. Harris.

1. We are told that up in Heav-en in the birth-place of the soul, Is a
2. There we'll lay a - side our burd-ens, there we'll lay a-side our fears, There we'll
3. At the Lamb's great marriage supper o - ver in that gold - en land, All the

home our Sav - ior promised to pre-pare; So when we shall pass be-fore Him
nev - er know a sor-row nor a care; But the joy-bells will be ring - ing
blood-wash'd saints of earth will have a share; So when we shall hear the summons

at the call-ing of the Roll, When the saints shall all as-sem-ble I'll be there.
thro' the never - end-ing years, Praise the Lord, my Savior tells me I'll be there.
to sit down at His right hand, When the great procession en-ters I'll be there.

Chorus.

When the angel's trump shall sound and the roll is called in Glo - ry, I'll be

there, I'll be there; When the an-gel's trump shall sound and the
I'll be there, I'll be there;

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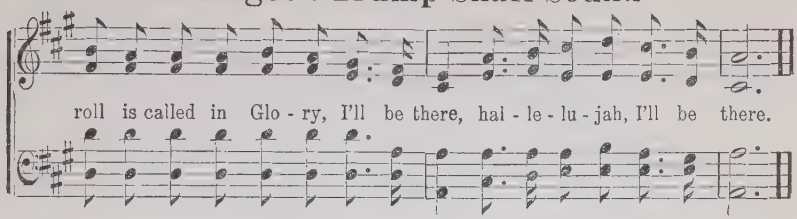
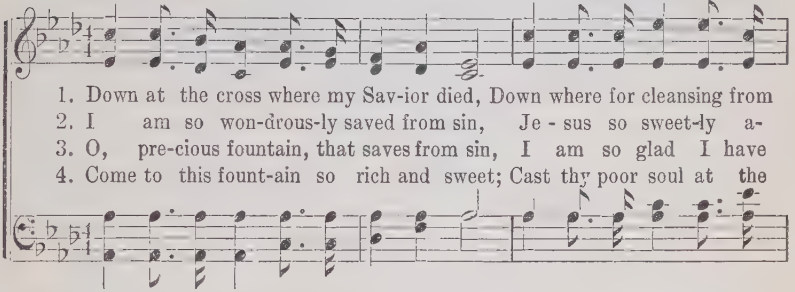
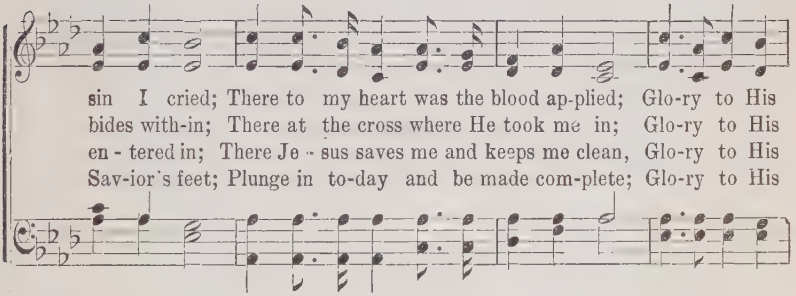
When the Angel's Trump Shall Sound. Concluded.



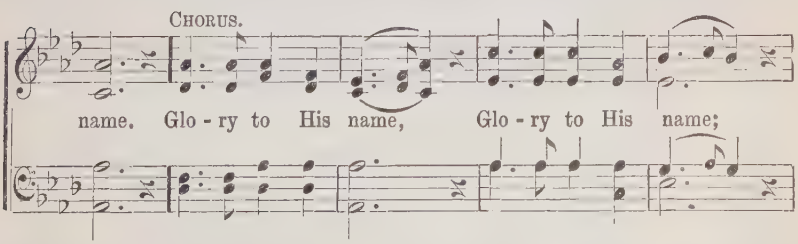
43 Glory to His Name.

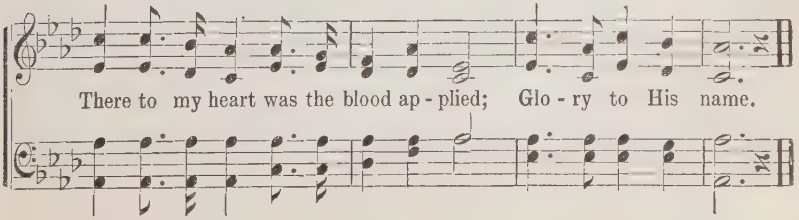
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.





Chorus.





My Soul is Filled with Glory.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Je - sus found me when a - far I wan-dered, Bro't me par-don from the
2. Thro' His word He taught me full sal - va - tion, How His blood could cleanse and
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be - set my path - way, And temp-ta - tions I shall

throne a - bove; Gave me peace that pass - eth un - der-stand-ing, Joy un-
sanc - ti - fy; Then by faith I plunged in - to the fount-ain; Now I'm
sure - ly meet; But my Sav - ior prom-ised grace to help me, Till I

CHORUS.

speak - a - ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
look - ing for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
lay my troph-ies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!

Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that

jus - ti - fies me free - ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
sanc-ti - fies me whol - ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
keeps, and gives me vict'ry, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.

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45 Feasting With My Lord.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

1. Since my soul is saved and sanc - ti - fied, Feast-ing, I'm feasting;
2. Feed-ing on the hon - ey and the wine, Feast-ing, I'm feasting,
3. Day by day we have a new sup-ply, Feast-ing, I'm feasting;
4. Ma - ny times we have an ex - tra spread, Feast-ing, I'm feasting;
5, Oft - en there are on - ly just we two, Feast-ing, I'm feasting;
6. If per-chance the cupboard's scarce of bread, Feast-ing, I'm feasting;

In this land of Ca - naan I'll a - bide, Feast-ing with my Lord.
Gath-er - ing the clus-ters from the vine; Feast-ing with my Lord.
And the food is nev - er stale or dry, Feast-ing with my Lord.
When to deep - er truths I have been led, Feast-ing with my Lord.
Then He tells me what He'd have me do, Feast-ing with my Lord.
On the hid - den man - na I am fed, Feast-ing with my Lord.

CHORUS.

Feast-ing, I am feast - ing, Feast - ing with my Lord; I'm feast - ing, I am feast - ing On the liv - ing Word.

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Jesus Is Calling.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS. Cho. arr.

1. The Sav - ior now is stand-ing at the door, He seeks to en - ter in, And if you'll heed His lov - ing call to - day, He'll save you from all sin.
2. Though long He's stood and tar - ried there in vain, In love He waits to - day, O hear His pre - cious gen - tle voice that calls, And turn Him not a - way.
3. Just now ad - mit this glo - rious heav'n-ly guest, Why long - er cling to sin? E - ter - nal life and joy He waits to give, To those who let Him in.
4. O do not grieve Him long - er by de - lay, The door swing o - pen wide, In - vite Him now to quick - ly en - ter in, For- ev - er to a - bide.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing, O - pen your heart's door wide and let Him in.

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Power in the Blood.

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. Weber.

1. There is pow'r in the blood, now, to wash your soul, There is pow'r in the
2. There is pow'r in the blood to make you white, There is pow'r in the
3. There is pow'r in the blood, it's a - ton - ing grace, There is pow'r in the
4. There is pow'r in the blood, plunge beneath its wave, There is pow'r in the

blood to keep you whole, There is pow'r in the blood to help you win,
blood to keep you right, There is pow'r in the blood to lead you on,
blood for all the race, There is pow'r in the blood, just look on high,
blood to keep and save, There is pow'r in the blood, be firm and true,

Chorus.

There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin.
There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son. Glo - ry to the Lamb,
There is pow'r in the blood, 'tis draw - ing nigh.
There is pow'r in the blood to help, yes, you.

Glo - ry to the Lamb, for He shed His blood for thee, He will keep you

Repeat ad lib.

in the way and will nev - er let you stray, There is pow'r in the blood.

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Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. From W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol-low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me; They have left my Sav - ior too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treas-ure; Come, dis-as - ter, scorn, and pain;
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
5. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;

Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;
In Thy serv-ice, pain is pleas-ure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Heav'n's e-ter-nal day's be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have called Thee, Ab-ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on Thee:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days;

Yet how rich is my con-di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends dis-own me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee!
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

This is Like Heaven to Me.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.

1. We find ma - ny peo - ple who can't un - der - stand Why
2. So when we are hap - py we sing and we shout, Some
3. We've heard the sweet mu - sic, the heav - en - ly chord From
4. We're look - ing for Je - sus with glo - ry to come, 'Tis

we are so hap - py and free; We've cross'd o - ver Jor - dan to
don't un - der-stand us, I see; We're filled with the Spir - it, there
Glo - ry Land o - ver the sea; A soul - thrill-ing mes - sage from
Je - sus who died on the tree; A cloud of bright an - gels to

Ca - naan's fair land, And this is like heav - en to me.
is - n't a doubt, And this is like heav - en to me.
Je - sus, our Lord, And this is like heav - en to me.
car - ry us home, Oh, that will be heav - en to me.

CHORUS.

1-3. Oh, this is like heav-en to me;(to me);Yes, this is like heav-en to me;(to me);
4. Oh, that will be heav-en to me;(to me); Yes, that will be heav-en to me;(to me);

I've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land And this is like heaven to me,(to me).
A cloud of bright angels to car-ry me home, Yes, that will be heaven to me,(to me).

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Wonderful Name.

J. M. H. J. M. Harris.

1. The won-der-ful name of Je - sus, Who left His bright glo-ry a - bove,
2. The won-der-ful name of Je - sus, Makes joy-ful the sor-row-ing heart,
3. The won-der-ful name of Je - sus, None oth - er on earth is so dear,
4. The won-der-ful name of Je - sus, Re - peat it a - gain and a - gain,

Came seeking the lost and the straying, And thus He commendeth His love.
Brings peace when the tempest is raging, And caus-eth all fear to de - part.
'Tis sweet-er than mu-sic to hear it, When gen - tly it falls on the ear.
Till all who are dwell-ing in darkness, Shall see Him, the Savior of men.

Chorus.

Won - - der - ful name, Won - - der - ful name, 'Tis sweet - er than mu - sic to all who be - lieve, The won - der - ful name of Je - sus.

Won - der - ful name, won - der - ful name, Won-der-ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful name,

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Room at the Fountain.

M. J. H. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I heard my lov-ing Saviour say, There's room at the fountain for me,
2. I came to him my sins confessed, There's room at the fountain for me,
3. I plung'd beneath the crimson tide, There's room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There's room at the fountain for me,

Come wash the stains of sin away, There's room at the fountain for thee.
When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
And now by faith am sanctified, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood has wash'd me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.

CHORUS.

Room, room, yes, there is room, Room at the fountain for thee, for thee,

Room, room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fountain for thee.

5 He cleans'd my heart from inbred sin,
There's room at the fountain for me,
And now he keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 I'll praise him while he gives me breath,
There's room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There's room at the fountain for me;
O don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There's room at the fountain for me;
And praise him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

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Living in Canaan Now.

Arr. by F. B. Gillespie.

1. I used to think that Canaan Was somewhere up on high, Where I, perhaps, might go When-e'er I came to die. But when I came to God, And
2. A land of corn and wine, Where milk and honey flow, On which the Lord doth smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God, Be-
3. A life at peace with God; With Je-sus in my soul; A heart wash'd in the blood, By Him made ful-ly whole. From death to life di-vine; Each
4. This rest it is for you; Then leave the wilderness; You'll find God's Word is true; You're a-ble to pos-sess. So put a-way the things That

rit. - - - - - - - -

at His cross did bow, I found salvation thro' the blood; I'm living in Canaan
cause He shows me how; I stand where good old Joshua stood; I'm living in Canaan
dark spot white as snow; He speaks the word, and it is done; My soul receives it
God does not allow; And if your all to Christ you bring, You'll be living in Canaan

Chorus.

a tempo.

now..... I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now, I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan
now; I'm do-ing well, I'm glad to tell; I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now.

Copyright, 1892, by F. B. Gillespie.

53 Walking in the King's Highway.

F. H. FLORENCE HORTON.

1. We shall see the des - ert as the rose, Walk - ing in the
2. We shall see the glo - ry of the Lord, Walk - ing in the
3. There the rain shall come up - on the ground, Walk - ing in the
4. There no rav - 'nous beast shall make a - fraid, Walk - ing in the
5. No un - clean thing shall pass o'er here, Walk - ing in the

King's high-way; There'll be sing - ing where sal - va - tion goes,
King's high-way; And be - hold the beau - ty of His word,
King's high-way; And the springs of wa - ter will be found
King's high-way; For the pu - ri - fied the way was made,
King's high-way; But the ran-somed ones with - out a fear,

CHORUS.

Walk - ing in the King's high - way. There's a high - way there and a
way, Where sor-row shall flee a - way, And the
and a - way, flee a - way,
light shines bright as the day, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
as the day,

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I Love to Tell the Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His love! I love to tell the sto-ry! Be-cause I know its true; It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else would do.
2. I love to tell the sto-ry! More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams; I love to tell the sto-ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.
3. I love to tell the sto-ry! 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful-ly sweet! I love to tell the sto-ry! For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word.
4. I love to tell the sto-ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest: And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the *New, New Song*, 'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*, That I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

55 Send Forth the Gospel.

Unknown. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Far, far a-way, in heathen darkness dwell-ing, Millions of souls for-
2. See, o'er the world, wide o-pen doors in-vit-ing; Sol-dier of Christ, a-
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing; "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day when those of ev-'ry na-tion, "Glo-ry to God" tri-

ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing—
rise! and en-ter in! Christians, a-wake! your for-ces all u-nit-ing,
ech-o in His name; Je-sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing,
um-phant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion,

CHORUS.

Looking to Je-sus, counting not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin. Send forth the gospel! tell to
Life and sal-va-tion there-fore go pro-claim.
Shout "Hal-le-lu-jah, for the Lord is King!"

ev-'ry na-tion; Send forth the gospel! good news of sal-va-tion; Who, who will

go and give them in-for-ma-tion? Tell them of Jesus and His pow'r to save.

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The Song of a Ransomed Soul.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.

1. How joy - ful is each pass-ing day, How clear the sky a - bove,
2. The sun-shine of a sum-mer morn Is al - ways in my heart,
3. More wealth than I no mon-arch hath— The rich - es of his grace!
4. Thro' all this life of shad-ows dim, And thro' e - ter - nal days,

Since Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way And filled me with his love!
And nei-ther cloud nor grief nor scorn Can cause it to de - part.
And fade - less glo - ry lights my path—The glo - ry of his face!
This joy will come to me from him, And I shall sing his praise!

CHORUS.

Praise the Sav - - ior, now and for - ev - - er!
Glo - ry to his name! All his love pro-claim!

Glo - ry be to him who reigns a - bove! This
who reigns in heav'n a - bove!

is the song that thrills the hap-py soul Of a sin-ner saved by love.

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57 Oh, It is Wonderful!

Respectfully dedicated to Dr. F. G. Keller, whose testimony suggested the hymn.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. I felt so weak and un - wor - thy, As to my Lord I came,
2. I came and plead for His mer - cy, He sweet - ly spoke to me,
3. I nev - er would have be-lieved it, That to my dark-ened soul,
4. I'll praise my bless-ed Re-deem - er, For grace so full and free,

But in His word He had prom-ised, Sal - va - tion through His name.
A - rise! thy sins are for - giv - en, Hence-forth thou shalt be free.
Such light could come in a mo-ment, As when He made me whole.
With joy I'll tell un - to oth - ers, Of how He ran-somed me.

Chorus.

Oh, it is won - der-ful! How He came and saved my soul;
Won-der-ful! won-der-ful! Oh, it is won-der-ful!

Oh, it is won - der-ful! Thro' His blood He made me whole.
Won-der-ful! won-der-ful! Oh, it is won-der-ful!

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Have You Room for the King?

M. A. H. MAUDE ANITA HART.

1. Have you room for the King, should He come to-day, Could you bid Him to en - ter in; Would your garments be white, could you to Him say, I am
2. There was nev - er a man-sion so bright and blest, There was nev-er a place so fair As the one where the King has be - come a guest, This
3. Have you room in your heart for the King I say, Is it o - pen to His com-mand; He is wait - ing to show you the per - fect way The

CHORUS.

read-y and free from sin.
glo - ry we all may share. Have you room for the King, Yes, room for the
way to the bet - ter land.

King, Should He call for your spir - it to - day; Could you say I am
yes, to - day;

Thine, Yes, whol - ly am Thine, And walk-ing in the King's high - way.

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59 "His Name Shall Be Jesus."

Mrs. C. H. M. His name shall be Jesus. Matt, 1: 21. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There is one name all names a-bove, Un - to be - liev - ers pre-cious,
2. We have no good-ness of our own, His mer - its we come plead-ing;
3. To guard us He is ev - er near In wak - ing hours or sleep-ing,
4 "He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin." From Sa-tan's bond-age frees us;

Which caus-es hearts to glow with love, It is the name of Je - sus.
He who the wine-press trod a - lone Is for us in - ter - ced - ing.
This one to trust-ing hearts so dear, Is con - stant vig - il keep-ing.
O where, my soul shall I be - gin To praise the name of Je - sus?

Chorus. *Soprano and Tenor in Unison.*

Bass and Alto in Unison.

His name shall be Je - sus, Won-der-ful name, won-der-ful name; His

1

name shall be Je - sus, for he shall save His peo - ple from their sins;

2

name shall be Je - sus for He shall save, His peo - ple from their sins.

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The Friend You Need.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Ye who are wea - ry, bro - ken in spir - it, Christ is the friend, the
2. Bowed 'neath the weight of sins that op-press you, Christ is the friend, the
3. Come as you are, make no prep - a - ra - tion, Christ is the friend, the
4. Come in His grace and mer - cy be - liev - ing, Christ is the friend, the
5. Make no de - lay, the mo - ments are pre - cious, Christ is the friend, the
6. When the dark hours of tri - al o'er-take you, Christ is the friend, the
7. When from the scenes of earth you are pass - ing, Christ is the friend, the

friend that you need; He that hath ears to - day let him hear it, He is the
friend that you need; He hath the pow'r to com-fort and bless you, He is the
friend that you need; Fall at His feet and trust for sal - va - tion, He is the
friend that you need; Ful-ness of bless - ing free - ly re - ceiv - ing, He is the
friend that you need; Now is the time He waits to be gra-cious, He is the
friend that you need; Hard-er then lean, He'll nev - er for - sake you, He is the
friend that you need; When the cold stream of death you are cross-ing, He is the

Chorus.

friend you need. Ten-der-ly call - ing, ten-der-ly call - ing;
He is the friend you need. Ten-der - ly call - ing, ten-der-ly call-ing;

Un - to His lov-ing call give heed; Why not re-ceive Him, trust and be-lieve Him?

Christ is the friend you need, He is the friend you need.
Christ is the friend, the friend you need, He is the friend you need, you need.

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Seeking for Me.

E. E. Hasty.

1. Je-sus, my Saviour, to Beth - le-hem came; Born in a man - ger to
2. Je-sus, my Saviour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je-sus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a -
4. Je-sus, my Saviour, shall come from on high; Sweet is the promise as

sorrow and shame: Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for
soul he set free: Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea - ry years fly: Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

for me, ... for me, . . .

me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me:
me, Dy-ing for me, Dying for me, Dy-ing for me, Dying for me:
me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me:
me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me:

Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
Gen-tly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

Christ is Crowded Out.

J. H. W. J. H. WEBER.

SOLO. *Slowly, with expression.*

1. In the bus - y marts, in the crowd-ed street, The world goes
2. We're bus - y at home with our friends and cares, And there's no
3. The world, with its song, goes march-ing on, You join the

hur - ry - ing on; It craves for wealth and pomp and show, And
time to pray; It's lodge or club and world - ly things, In
glad re - frain; With soul and mind and ev - 'ry nerve, You

heeds the si - ren's song. Its pleas - ure first, it's self and gold,
this gay world to - day: But death will come, and you will die,
plan for earth - ly gain. O stop and think, some day you'll die,

And Christ is crowded out, And Christ is crowded out; O

What will you say in the judg-ment day, If Christ is crowded out?

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63 The Way Is Narrow.

Verses by C. F. W. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. My life is not what it used to be, My sor-row and sins are gone,
2. Once life was all dis-a-point-ment, Friends trusted all proved un-true;
3. I mourn no long-er in sor - row, The clouds have all passed a-way;
4. I've peace past all un-der-stand - ing, The Com-fort-er dwells with-in;

I sing and I shout hal-le-lu-jah, I'm on my hap-py journey home.
In Je-sus I found help and comfort, He proved a Friend and Brother, too.
I look up to heav-en re-joic-ing, There's glo-ry, glo-ry ev-'ry day.
I've songs full of joy nev-er end-ing, For Je-sus saves me from all sin.

CHORUS.

The way is ver-y nar-row, but I'll fol-low, ... I'll
all the way,

fol-low, . . I'll fol-low. . . The way is ver-y nar-row but I'll
all the way. all the way.

fol-low, . . . I will fol-low in the footsteps of my Lord.
all the way, in the footsteps of my Lord.

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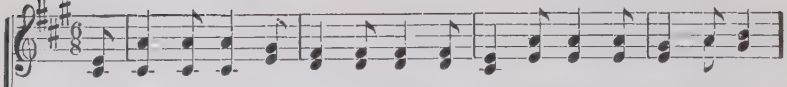
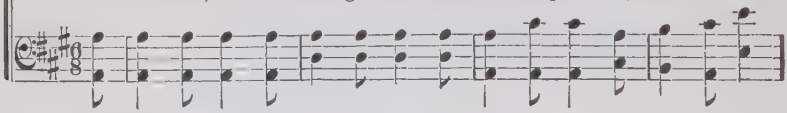
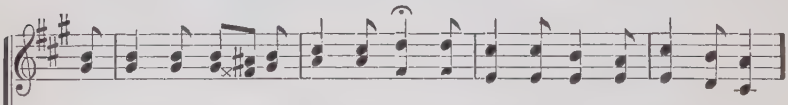
The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O'Kane.

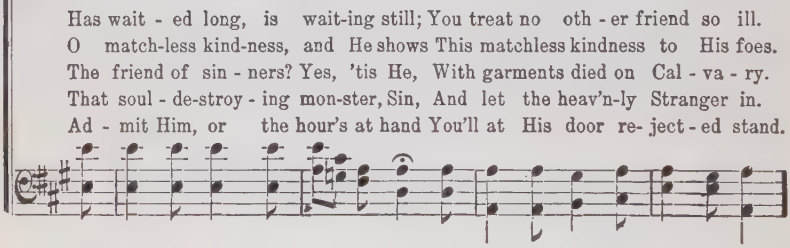


1. Be - hold, a stranger at the door; He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
2. O love -ly at - ti -tude, He stands With melting heart and o - pen hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with gra-ti-tude di-vine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn—His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re-turn;

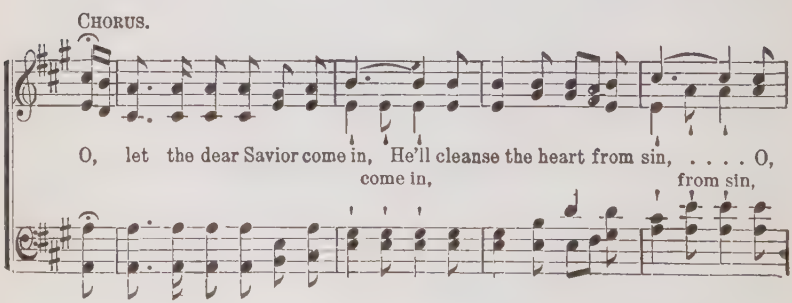




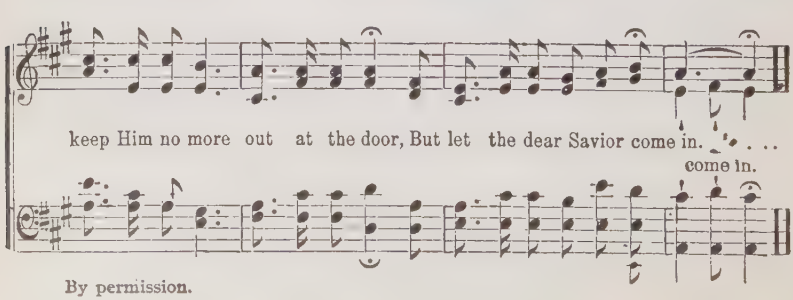
Has wait - ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kind-ness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments died on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de-stroy - ing mon-ster, Sin, And let the heav'n-ly Stranger in.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re- ject - ed stand.



Chorus.



O, let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin, ... O, come in, from sin,



keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in. . . . . come in.

By permission.

Where Shall I Be?

C. P. J.

CHAS. P. JONES.

Moderato.

1. When judg-ment day is draw - ing nigh, Where shall I be?
   When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?
2. When wick - ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?
   When hills and mountains flee a - way, Where shall I be?
3. When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?
   When all the saints re-deem'd shall stand, Where shall I be?

When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?
How will it be with my poor soul Where shall I be?
And to the rocks and mount-ains flee, Where shall I be?
When all the works of men de - cay, Where shall I be?
Shall from God's an - gry pres - ence roll, Where shall I be?
For - ev - er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be?

CHORUS.

O where shall I be when the first trump - et sounds, O where shall I be when it sounds so loud? When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead? O where shall I be when it sounds?

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66 Where the Living Waters Flow.

CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER. E. E. NICKERSON.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is given,
2. For thee, my soul, for thee These price-less joys were bought,
3. Come, with the ransomed train, The Saviour's prais - es sing,
4. And soon be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,

Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Tri-um-phant thro' His grace,

Love fills our heart with heav'n, Down where the living wa-ters flow.
That Christ to earth has brought, Down where the living wa-ters flow.
A - dore! He reigns a King, Down where the living wa-ters flow.
Made per-fect by His love, Down where the living wa-ters flow.

CHORUS.

Down where the liv-ing waters flow, Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm

liv-ing in the light, for Jesus now I fight, Down where the living waters flow.

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Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

Copyright, 1892, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Used by per.

68 When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till setting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the sav'd of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his resurrection share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

Chorus.

yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is called up yon - - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,

When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

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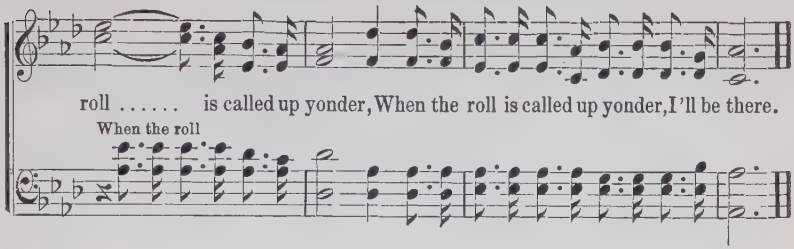
When the Roll is Called up Yonder. Concluded.



69 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

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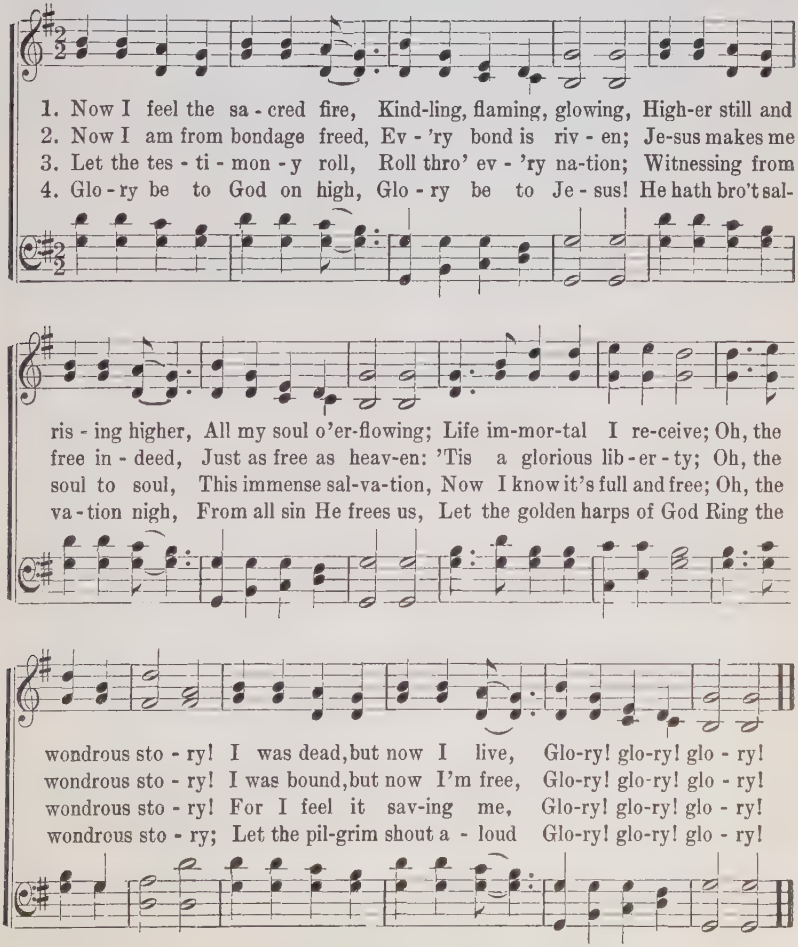
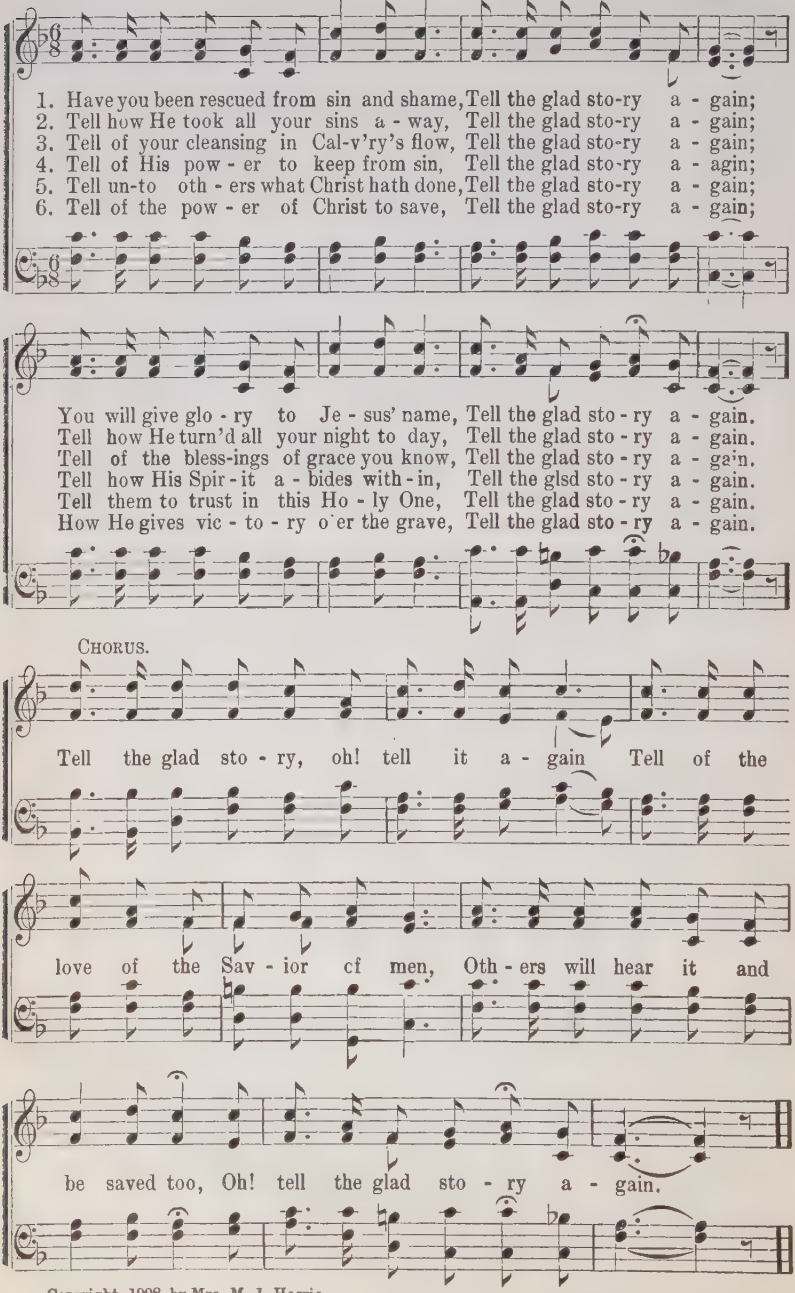


70 Tell the Glad Story Again.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.



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Companionship With Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su preme-ly sweet!
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear
3. I'm lean - ing on His lov-ing breast, A - long life's wea-ry way;
4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread;

Com pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete:
The soft - est whispers of His love In fel - low ship so dear,
My path, il - lu-mined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day:
And tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread,

In un - ion with the pur-est one, I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
And feel His great Almighty hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.
No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.
My peace-ful spir-it ev - er sings, "I'll trust the cov - ert of Thy wings."

REFRAIN.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

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The Secret of the Lord.

Anon. MAUD ANITA HART.

1. There's a se-cret God has whis-pered To His hid-den ones a - lone;
2. Changeless se-cret, how it keeps us Thro' all chang-es life can bring;
3. Ho - ly se-cret, how it cleans-es All the heart from self and sin;
4. Might-y se-cret, how it brings us Heav'n-ly help for hearts for-lorn;
5. Pre-cious se-cret, I have found it, Pre-cious Je-sus, Thou art mine;

'Tis a se-cret, sweet-er, strang-er, Than thy heart has tho't or known.
Joy may cheer, or tri-al press us, Still the rest-ful heart can sing.
Crowd-ing out the pow'r of e-vil By the life of Christ with-in.
Turns our bat-tle-tide to tri-umph, Chang-es mid-night in-to morn.
Prove in me Thy bound-less full-ness, Live in me Thy life di-vine.

CHORUS.

There's a se-cret, pre-cious se - - - cret, God has
Ho - ly change-less se - cret,

whis-pered to my soul, ... 'Tis that He will ev-er
sweet-ly whis-pered to my soul;

keep me, While e-ter-nal a-ges roll. . . .
keep me, ev-er keep me, roll, for-ev-er roll.

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73 Wonderful Story of Love.

L. L. P. L. L. Pickett

1. Sing out the tidings that tell us of Jesus, Wonderful story of love;
Sing it to all that from sin he now frees us; Wonderful story of love;
2. Tell of his birth in the Bethlehem manger, Wonderful story of love;
Tell how he came to redeem us from danger, Wonderful story of love;
3. Tell of the tree upon which he did languish, Wonderful story of love;
How for poor sinners he suffer'd in anguish, Wonderful story of love;
4. Tell how he rose from the grave and ascended, Wonderful story of love;
Rose in great triumph, his sorrows all ended, Wonderful story of love;

When we were straying, in pity he sought us, Wonderful story of love;
Came from the riches and crowns of his glory, Wonderful story of love;
Tell of the tomb of the rich where they laid him, Wonderful story of love;
Soon he is coming in glo-ry and power, Wonderful story of love;

:S: Fine.

Out of the darkness of sin hath he bro't us, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
We will keep telling the marvelous story, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell it till all have receiv'd and obey'd him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour, Wonderful sto-ry of love.

D.S.—Men are now dying, they perish without it, Wonderful story of love.

Chorus. *D.S.*

Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it, Wonderful story of love;

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When the Bridegroom Cometh.

J. M. H. SOLO. J. M. HARRIS.

1. When the Bridegroom cometh for His own by and by, Will your soul be read - y for that home on high, Will your lamp be burn - ing and your robes be white, Will you en - ter with Him thro' the gates of light?
2. When the Bridegroom cometh and His voice you shall hear, Will your heart be joy - ful or be filled with fear? Will you glad - ly meet Him in the clouds so fair? Or will sin and sor - row drive thee to de - spair.
3. When the Bridegroom cometh then we all must ap - pear, 'Round His throne e - ter - nal and our sen - tence hear, Will you hear His wel - come to e - ter - nal light, Or, de - part ye cursed in - to end - less night.

CHORUS.

Are you read - y, ... for the great judgment day? Are you ready . . . . .
are you read - y? are you read-y?

With your sins wash'd a - way? Should He come in the morn - ing Or at

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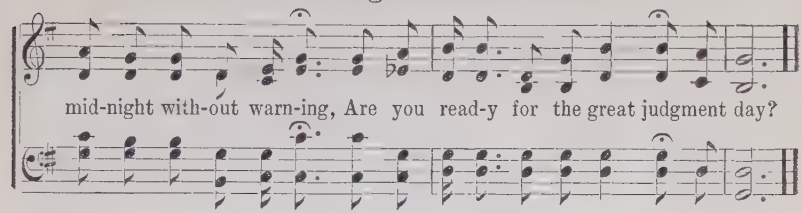
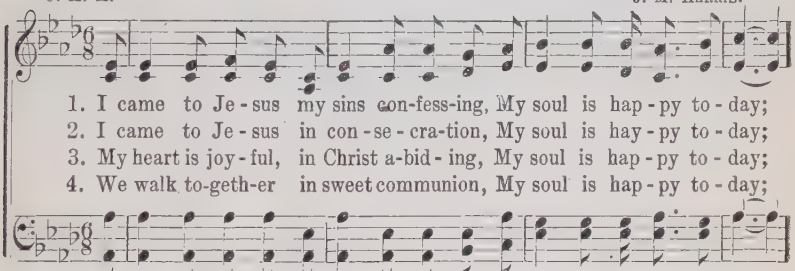
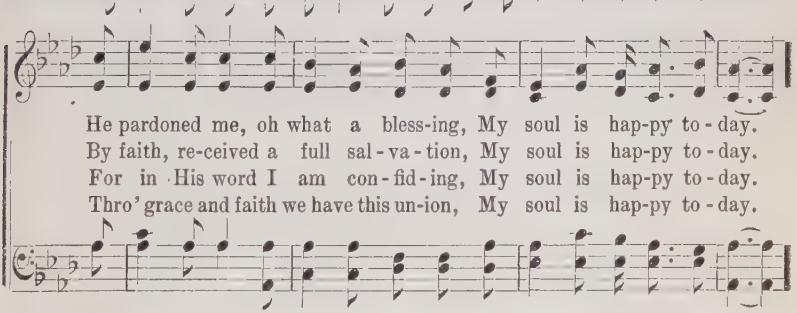
When the Bridegroom Cometh. Concluded.



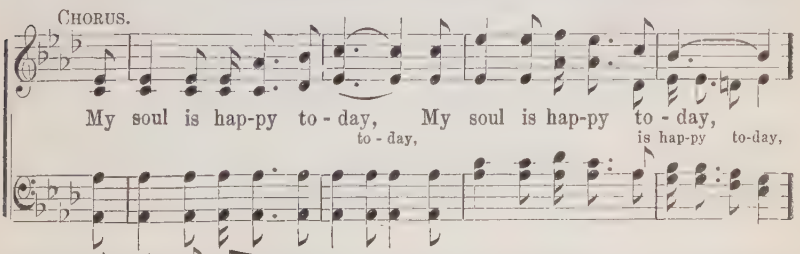
75 My Soul is Happy To-Day.

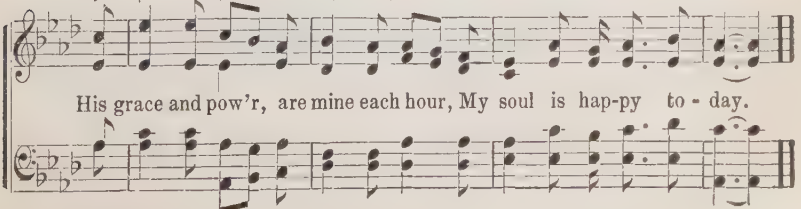
J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.





CHORUS.





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The Well of Living Water.

W. V. Miller. W. J. King. Arr. by J. M. Harris.

1. Oh this well of liv - ing wa - ter Spring-ing up with - in my soul,
2. From the depths unknown 'tis flowing, From the depths of Je - sus' love,
3. So the bless - ed news I'm spreading Of this dear life - giv - ing spring,

Gives me bless - ed sat - is - fac - tion While the chang-ing sea-sons roll;
It was pur-chased by the Sav - ior, Gift di - vine from heav'n a-bove;
Ev - er pure and free 'tis gush-ing As my Sav - ior's love I sing;

And in Je - sus' love re - joic - ing, Still a song of praise I bring,
He a - lone can give this wa - ter, "Who-so - ev - er will may come,"
It is flow - ing, ev - er flow - ing In this grate - ful heart of mine,

For the bless - ed gift of heav - en, For this ev - er - liv - ing spring.
Quench his thirst from this pure fountain, And from Je - sus nev - er roam.
And my tongue shall tell the glad - ness Of this matchless grace di - vine.

Chorus.

For this well of liv - ing wa - ter That is flow - ing now for me,

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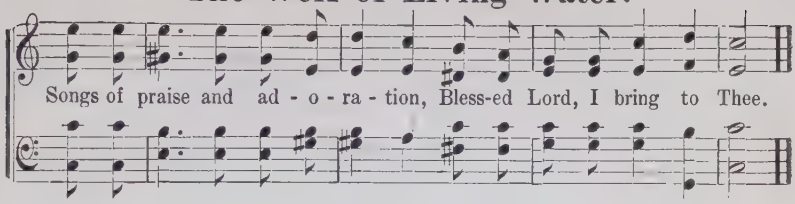
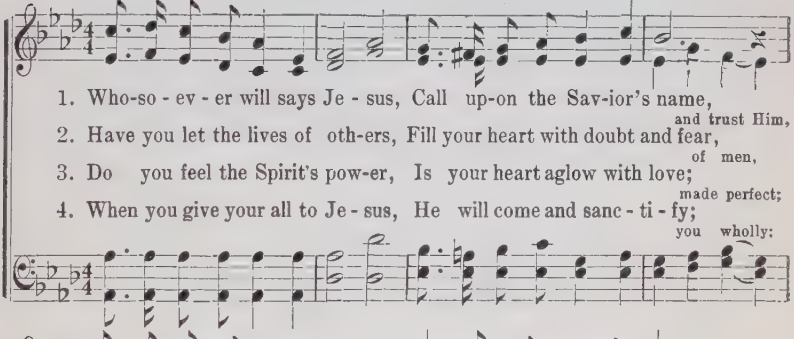
The Well of Living Water.

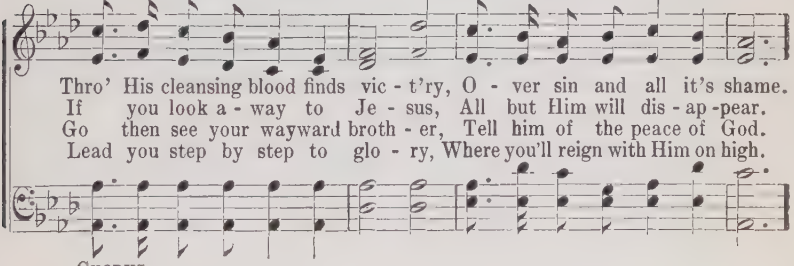


77 Shout the Victory.

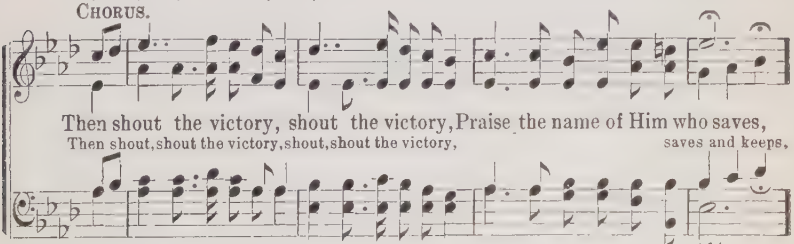
* *

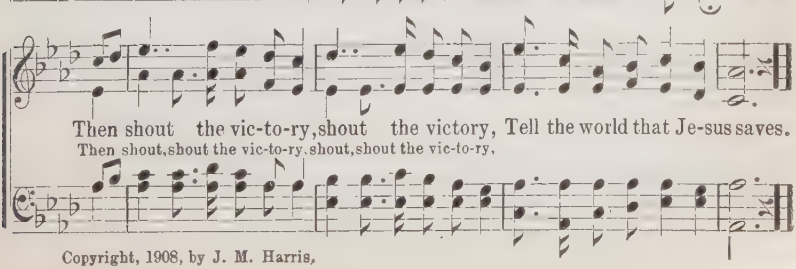
J. M. HARRIS.





CHORUS.





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When I See the Blood.

JOHN and E. A. H. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus will save; All He has prom-ised,
3. Judgment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceiv-ing
4. Oh, great com-pas-sion! O boundless love! O lov-ing kind-ness,

paid all His due; Sprin-kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
that will He do; Wash in the foun-tain o-pened for sin,
just-ly His due; Hide in the sav-ing, sin-cleans-ing blood,
faith-ful and true! Find peace and shel-ter un-der the blood,

CHORUS.

And I will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I see the
When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

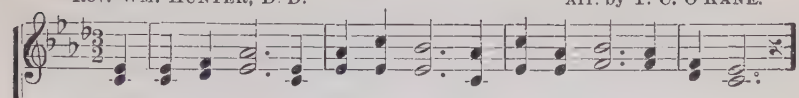
Rit.

blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.
see the blood, o-ver you.

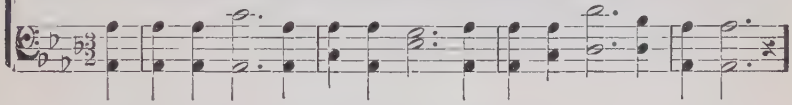
By Foot Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

The Hallowed Spot.

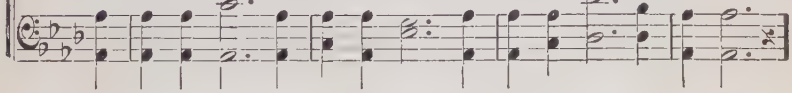
Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D. Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.



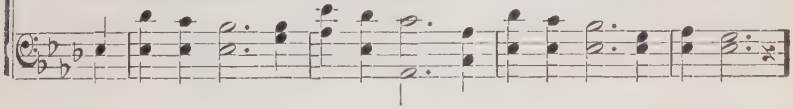
1. There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mount-ain,
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up-on the o - cean;
3. Sink - ing and pant-ing as for breath I knew not help was near me;
4. O sa-cred hour! O hallowed spot! Where love di-vine first found me;



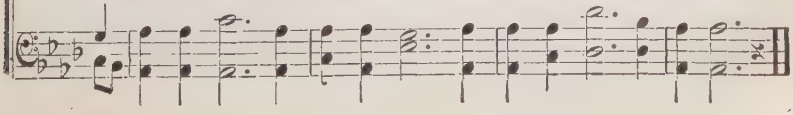
A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear, Springs grateful from its fountain.
A - bove me was the thunder's roar, Be-neath, the waves' com-mo-tion.
I cried, "Oh save me, Lord, from death, Im-mor-tal Je - sus, hear me."
Wher- ev - er falls my dis-tant lot My heart shall lin - ger round thee.



'Tis not where kindred souls a-bound, Tho' that is al - most heav - en,
Dark - ly the pall of night was thrown A-round me faint with ter - ror;
Then quick as tho't I felt Him mine, My Sav-ior stood be - fore me;
And when from eerth I rise, to soar Up to my home in heav - en,



But where I first my Sav- ior found, And felt my sins for - giv-en.
In that dark hour how did my groan As-cend for years of er - ror.
I saw His brightness round me shine, And shouted "Glo - ry, glo-ry."
Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for - giv-en.



There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De- part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? are you read - y? Are you read - y for the judgment day? Are you read-y? are you read-y for the judgment day?

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O.

Love Divine.

CHAS. WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spir-it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
3. Come, al-might-y to de - liv-er, Let us all thy life receive;
4. Fin - ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let us be;

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mercies crown.
Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud-den - ly return, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy temples leave;
Let us see thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly restored in thee:

Je - sus, thou art all compassion, Pure unbounded love thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sinning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove,
Chang'd from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis - it us with thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev'-ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Cray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore thee: Lost in wonder, love and praise.

We Shall See.

This hymn was written while Dr. P. F. Bresee was preaching from Isa. 60;5.

J. M. HARRIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We shall see and flow to - geth-er, saith the Lord, And our vis - ion
2. We will all be one in Je - sus in that day, When the Spir - it
3. We shall see the precious Sav - ior ev - 'ry day, We shall know His
4. When we reach the glo-rious end - ing o - ver there, And be - hold the

shall be glo-rious thro' His word, When the Sav - ior comes within, Cleans-ing
in His full-ness comes to stay, We will glo - ry in the cross, Count-ing
pow'r to keep us all the way, And the goal we have in view, Will be
wondrous beaut-y rich and rare, When we walk the streets of gold, And our

all the heart from sin, And sal - va-tion joys be - gin, We shall see.
all things else but loss, When our hearts are free from dross, We shall see.
ours if we are true, And we walk the jour-ney thro', We shall see.
Sav-ior there be - hold, We'll be filled with joys un - told, We shall see.

CHORUS.

We shall see and walk in the light, We shall see and the path will be bright,

We shall see the face of the Lord, And re-joice in His glo-rious word.

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Shout for Joy.

MILLIE M. LAWHEAD. W. J. KING.

1. All my sins are now for - giv - en, Je - sus speaks the word to me,
2. Oft I wonder'd, would He save me, Could I know it here be - low?
3. Thro' the a - ges let me praise Him, Let me sing around the throne—

And my name is down in heav - en, O re-joice, my soul is free!
Now He par - dons my trans-gres-sions, And His Spir - it tells me so.
Praise the Lord who hath re-deem'd me, Who hath sealed me for His own.

CHORUS.

Shout for joy! shout for joy! O re-joice, your hap-py voic-es
Shout for joy! shout for joy!
raise, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus says my name's in heav-en, Sing it out in joy - ful
lays, For my sins are all for - giv - en, And my heart is full of praise.

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Thou Art Coming.

A. N. O. J. M. HARRIS.

Not too fast.

1. Thou art com-ing, my Be - lov-ed, Thou art com - ing once a-gain,
2. We are wait-ing, we are watching, For the com - ing of Thy feet,
3. Bless - ed hope that makes the desert Now to blos-som as the rose;

Not a man of tears and sor-rows, But a King of kings to reign,
With our hearts a-flame with glo - ry, Wait - ing at the mer - cy - seat;
In the rough and rug - ged plac - es, Still our hearts doth find re-pose,

And to rule in re - gal splen-dor Where such sor-row pierced Thy heart,
And tho' winds and waves chastise us, While on life's tem-pest-uous sea,
In the hope that we shall see Thee, And shall lean up - on Thy breast,

Can it be, Thou best Be - lov-ed, Com - ing, nev - er to de-part?
We would sure - ly sink and per - ish But for hope of see - ing Thee.
And then reign with Thee for - ev - er In the land of per - fect rest.

CHORUS.

We are wait-ing, ... We are watching, ... We are
We are wait-ing, We are watch-ing,

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Thou Art Coming. Concluded.

1

wait-ing, we are watch-ing, For the com-ing of the Lord;

2

wait-ing, we are watch-ing, For the com-ing of the Lord.

85 Depth of Mercy.

CHAS. WESLEY. J. STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer-cy, can it be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
   { Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? }
2. { I have long with-stood His grace; Long pro-voked Him to His face;
   { Would not heark-en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }
3. { Now in-cline me to re-lent; Let me now my sins la-ment;
   { Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more. }

REFRAIN. *Faster.* *Smoothly.* *Repeat pp*

{ God is love, I know, I feel;
{ Je-sus weeps and loves me still; } Je-sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

4 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows His wounds and spread His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

86 The Old Account Settled Long Ago.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM. By per.

1. There was a time on earth, When in the book of heav'n An old account was standing
My name was at the top, And many things be-low, I went un-to the keeper,
2. The old account was large, And growing ev'ry day, For I was always sinning,
But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe; I said that I would settle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow Because I had it settled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has commanded,
And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it,

1 2 CHORUS.

For sins yet un-for-giv'n; And set-tled long a-go. Long a-go,
And nev-er tried to pay; I set-tled long a-go.
He can not find a thing; And set-tled long a-go.
And praise Him for His love; And set-tled long a-go.
If you would en-ter in; You set-tled long a-go. Down on my knees,

Long a-go, (I set-tled it all,) Yes, the old account was set-tled long a-

go; (Hal-le-lu-jah!) And the rec-ord's clear to-day, For He

washed my sins a-way, When the old ac-count was settled long a-go.

87 I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.

Moderato,

1. There's noth-ing so pre - cious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with its treasures be - gone; I'm rich as can be when my Sav - ior I see; I'm
2. When sin - ful, and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my path-way to shine; 'Twas Je - sus who found me and made me an heir To
3. 'Twas Je - sus who called me, and showed me the way To peace up - on earth and in heav'n; 'Tis Je - sus who teach-es me dai - ly to pray, And
4. Should fa - ther and moth - er for - sake me be - low, My bed up - on earth be a stone, I'll cling to my Sav-ior, He loves me I know, I'm

CHORUS.

hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.
man-sions of glo - ry di - vine. I'm hap - py with Je - sus a-
walk in the light He has giv'n.
hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.

lone;.... I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone;.... Tho' friends all for-
a - lone; a-lone;

sake me, thank God, I can say I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.

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Constantly Abiding.

Mrs. W. L. M. Mrs. Will L. Murphy.

1. There's a peace in my heart, that the world nev-er gave, A peace it can not take a - way; Tho' the tri-als of life may surround like a cloud, I've a peace that has come there to stay!

2. All the world seemed to sing of a Sav-ior and King, When peace sweetly came to my heart; Troubles all fled a-way and my night turned to day, Blessed Je - sus, how glorious Thou art!

3. This treas-ure I have in a tem-ple of clay, While here on His foot-stool I roam; But He's coming to take me some glo-ri-ous day, O - ver there to my heav-en-ly home!

Chorus.

Con - stant-ly a - bid - ing, Je - sus is mine; Con - stant-ly a - bid - ing, rapt - ure di-vine; He never leaves me lone - ly,

Con-stant-ly a - bid - ing, con-stant-ly a - bid-ing, Je - sus is mine, yes, Je-sus is mine; Con-stant-ly a - bid - ing, con-stant-ly a - bid-ing, rapt-ure di-vine, O rapt-ure di-vine; He nev - er leaves me, nev-er leaves me lonely,

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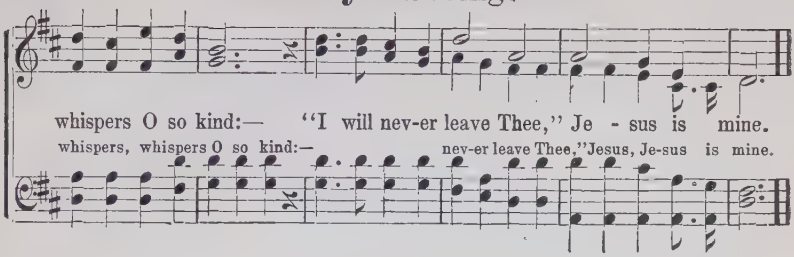
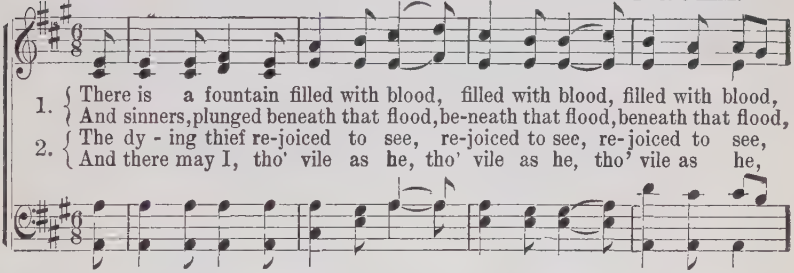
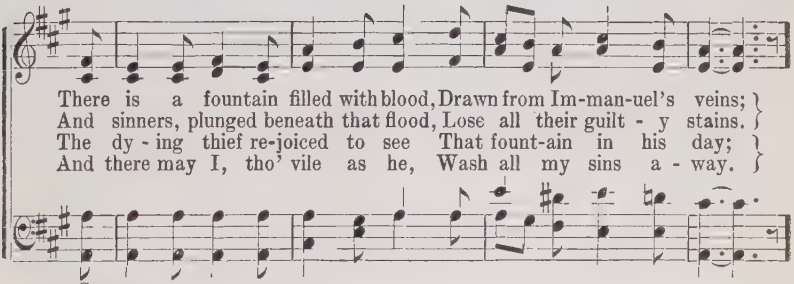
Constantly Abiding. Concluded.



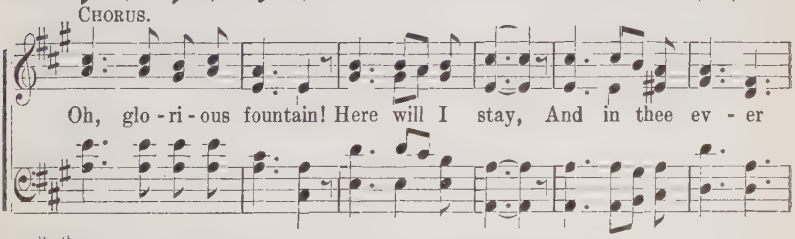
89 Glorious Fountain.

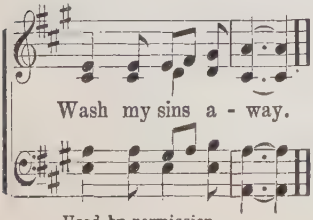
COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.





CHORUS.





3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy |: precious blood :|
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed |: Church of God :|
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith |: I saw the stream :|
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love |: has been my theme, :|
And shall be till I die.

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Jesus is Calling Today.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Wea-ry one, Je-sus is call-ing to rest, Call-ing to-day,
2. Long He has called you, He calls you to-day, Call-ing to-day,
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, when ma-ny shall weep, Ban-ished a-way,
4. Voices you've heard, but no voice such as His, Call-ing to-day,

do not de-lay; Lay down your bur-den and lean on His breast,
do not de-lay; He may cease call-ing if you turn a-way,
for-ever to stay, Je-sus can not on-ly save you but keep,
do not de-lay; Hell will be aw-ful if heav-en you miss,

CHORUS.

Je-sus is call-ing to-day. . . . Je-sus is call-ing, is
is call-ing to-day.

call-ing to-day, Call-ing, my broth-er, oh, do not de-lay; Je-sus is

call-ing, is call-ing to-day, Je-sus is call-ing to-day. . . .
is calling to-day.

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91 The Cleansing Fountain.

Arranged.

1. My heart was sad, but now 'tis glad, I sing, and shout for joy; His
2. By faith I walk I sing and talk, Of Je - sus' sav-ing power; He
3. In paths of light I now de-light, And glo - ry comes in view; His

love I know, who died to show How He can sin de - stroy. Not
keeps me pure, my hope is sure, I trust Him ev - ery hour. No
face I see, who died for me, His grace is ev - er new. The

f.

one dark spot can stay, He washed it all a - way. The blood of Je - sus
dan - ger now a-larms, I'm safe in Je - sus' arms. The blood of Je - sus
blood is all my plea, I'll ev - er faith-ful be. The blood of Je - sus

D. S. sin is washed a - way, I'm hap-py night and day, The blood of Je - sus

FINE. CHORUS.

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow. The blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.

D. S.

snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; All

The More Excellent Way.

J. M. Harris. 1 Cor. 12: 31, Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I know that my sins are washed whiter than snow, I've joy in my
2. With gifts of the Spir - it so rich - ly bestowed, For which I will
3. So gen - tly He wooed me, my heart hun-gry grew, My long-ings in-
4. 'Tis love, per-fect love that is fill - ing my heart, And keeps me re-
5. This per - fect love nev - er, no nev - er doth fail, Be-lieves ev - 'ry

heart ev-'ry day, But ev - er the Spir-it is whisp'ring to me, There is a
ne'er cease to pray, But God in His wondrous love says unto me, There is a
creased day by day, I trusted my Savior to cleanse me from sin, And found the
joic - ing each day, With riv - ers of pleasure that nev-er run dry, In this the
word God doth say, Is al - ways triumphant by pow-er di-vine, In this the

more ex-cel - lent way, 1,2 A more 3-5 The more ex - cel-lent way.
ex-cel - lent way, A more ex - cel - lent way.

Chorus.

1-2—Oh, lead me dear Lord by Thy Spir - it di-vine, In light that is
3-5—O glo - ry! my soul is made per - fect in love, I dwell in His

bright-er than day, Where dark-ness and shad-ows shall
yes, bright - er than day,
pres - ence each day, I'm sat - is - fied ful - ly with
His pres-ence each day,

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The More Excellent Way. Concluded.

all dis - ap - pear, In this the more ex - cel - lent way.
Je - sus my Lord, In this the more ex - cel - lent way.
ex - cel - lent way.

93 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus's name! Let an - gels prostrate fall!
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;
5. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - tial ball;
7. O that with yon - der, sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crowu Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Let Him In.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Dear broth-er, why lon - ger wait? Your Sav - ior now stands at the gate;
2. He lov - ing - ly calls to thee, How ten - der and ear-nest His plea!
3. O, why not ac-cept Him now? Be - fore Him in pen - i - tence bow;

He's pa - tient-ly plead-ing: now o - pen the door, And let the dear
He's pa - tient-ly plead-ing: now o - pen the door, And let the dear
He ten - der - ly calls thee: now o - pen the door, And let the dear

REFRAIN.

Sav - ior come in. O let the dear Sav - ior in, ... Thy
let Him in.

heart He will cleanse from sin; . . . . He's pa - tient-ly wait - ing, now
sor-row and sin;

rit.

o - pen the door, And let the dear Sav-ior come in. . . . .
in, let Him in.

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95 Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

JOSEPH HART. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come, and wel-come, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit-ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
5. Ag - o - niz - ing in the gar - den, Your Re-deem-er pros-trate lies;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
On the blood-y tree be - hold Him! Hear Him cry be - fore He dies.

p CHORUS. *m* *f*

Why don't you come to Je - sus, He's wait - ing to re-ceive you?

1 2

Why don't you come to Je - sus, and be saved? saved?

By permission.

The New Wine of Canaan.

W. J. K. W. J. King.

1. I am drink-ing at the fount-ain that will nev-er run dry,
2. Oh, the load of sin I car-ried has been tak-en a-way,
3. He is will-ing, He is wait-ing now to make your heart pure,

Drink-ing of the new wine of Ca-naan; The Sav-ior heard my pleading
Now from sin I'm free Hal-le-lu-jah, While lean-ing on His lov-ing
O-pen wide the door, bid Him en-ter; Oh, hear Him, still He's knocking,

and my anxious cry, I yield-ed and the bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost came in.
arm I can-not stray, He dwells with me, the bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost each day.
hear Him still im-plore; Throw o-pen wide the door and He will en-ter in.

Chorus.

Drink-ing at the fount-ain, dai-ly at the fount-ain, Feast-ing

on the new wine of Ca-naan, And my Sav-ior sat-is-fies my

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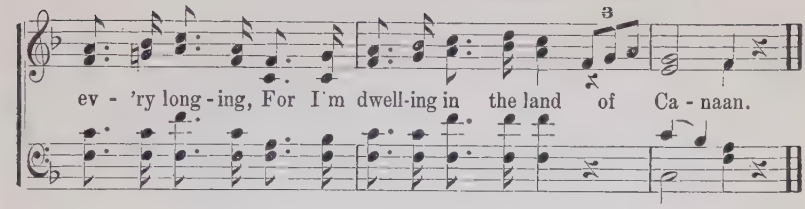
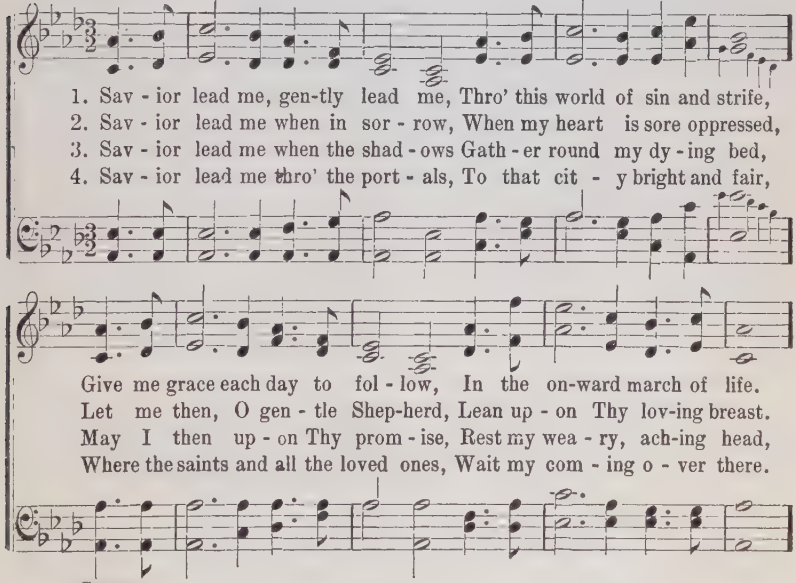
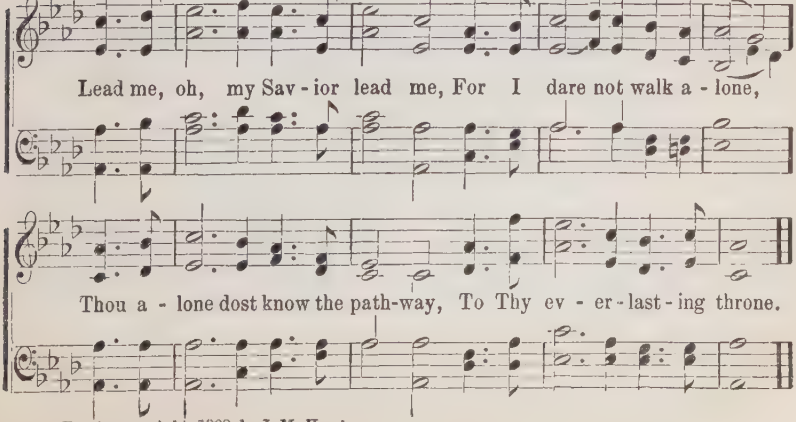
The New Wine of Canaan. Concluded.



97 Savior Lead Me.

J. M. HARRIS. SPANISH MELODY.





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Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry divine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels descending, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.

3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest; Watching and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.

99 The Precious Blood.

Words (except 1st verse), by
REV. W. MCDONALD.

Music and Chorus by
REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see!
2. A thou-sand, thou-sand fountains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That priceless blood my ran-som paid, While I in bondage stood;

Re-mind-ing me of precious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such blessings bring, As Je-sus' precious blood.
On Je-sus all my sins were laid, He sav'd me with His blood.

CHORUS.

Oh! the blood, the pre-cious blood! That Je-sus shed for me,
Up-on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

4 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay;
All praise to Jesus' blood.

5 This wondrous theme will best employ
My harp before my God,
And make all heav'n resound with joy,
For Jesus' cleansing blood.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPTON.

pp *Very slow.* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me,

See, on the portals He's wait-ing and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mer-cies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gathering, death warnings coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

m *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sinner, come home!

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101 The Prince of My Peace.

Rev. W. F. Crafts. W. G. Fisher. By per.

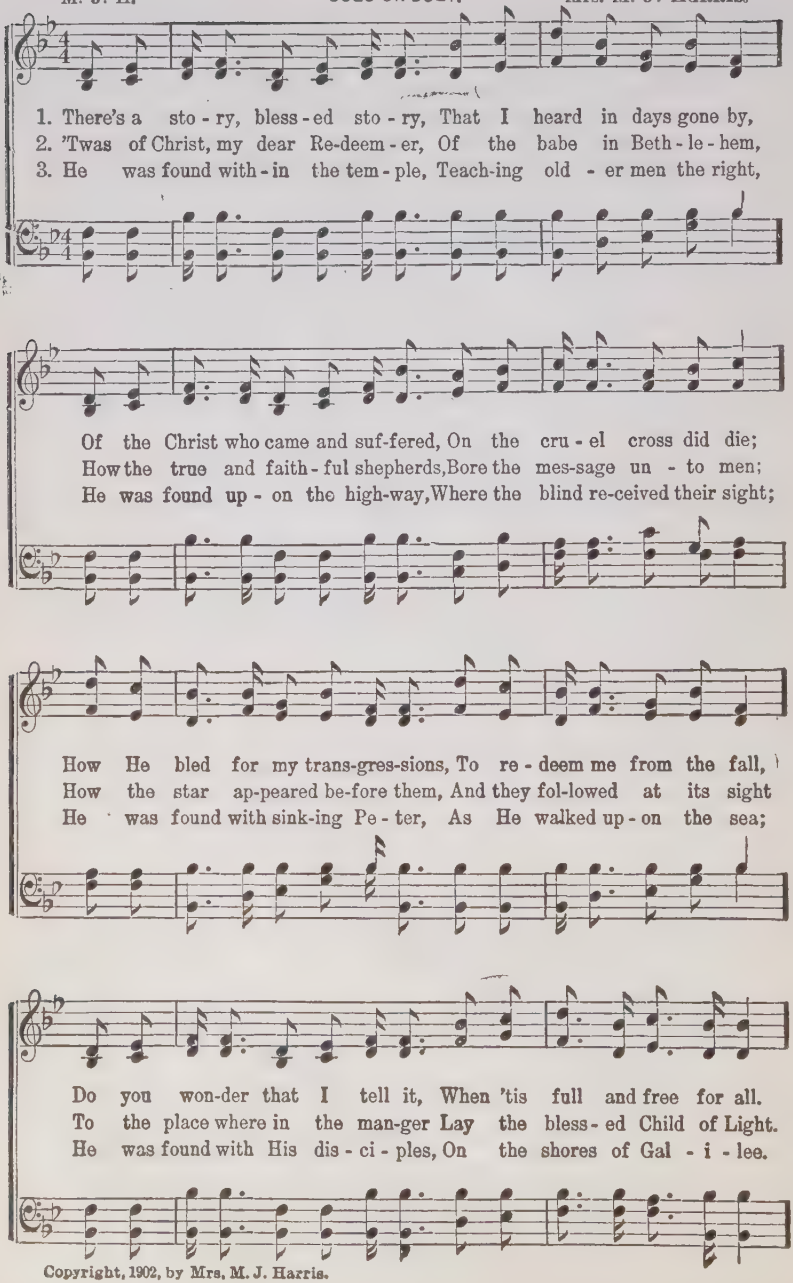
1. I stand all be - wil-dered with won - der, And gaze on the o - cean of love; And o - ver its waves to my spir - it
2. I strug-gled and wres-tled to win it, The bless - ing that set - teth me free; But when I had ceas'd from my strug - gles,
3. He laid His hand on me and heal'd me, And bade me be ev - 'ry whit whole; I touch'd but the hem of His gar - ment,
4. The Prince of my peace is now pass - ing, The light of His face is on me; But list - en, be - lov - ed, He speak - eth:

Refrain.

Comes peace like a heav - en - ly dove.
His peace Je - sus gave un - to me. The cross now cov - ers my sins; The past is un - der the blood; I'm trust - ing in Je - sus for all; My will is the will of my God.
And glo - ry came thrill - ing my soul.
"My peace I will give un - to thee."

The Old Story.

M. J. H. SOLO OR DUET. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



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The Old Story. Concluded.

CHORUS.

This sal - va - tion full and free, Reach-es out to you and me;

I will tell it though the whole wide world may frown,

For He saves me by His grace, And He's giv - en me a place

To sit down with Him in glo - ry, by and by.

4 He was praying in the garden,
"Not my will, but Thine be done,"
When they took Him unto Pilate
For a trial—God's own Son;
How they mocked, and spat upon Him,
As they followed by His side,
To the place they called Golgotha,
Where my Lord was crucified.

5 But the best of this old story,
Is that Jesus came to save,
With an uttermost salvation,
And give victory o'er the grave;
That He opened wide the fountain,
For uncleanness and for sin,
And His blood can make you holy,
Sanctify and keep you clean.

103 Stand for God and Right.

ALICE J. CLEATOR. THORO HARRIS.

1. See the cap - tive Dan - iel kneel - ing at his prayer, Fear - less
2. Death and tort - ure threatened in the li - on's den, All who
3. 'Mid the roar - ing li - ons Dan - iel stood se - rene, For the
4. By the pro - phet's side God's an - gel stayed that night— Nev - er

of the king's de - cree; True to God and con - science,
dared to of - fer prayer; 'Twas a hea - then man - date
King of kings was there; Thus the great De - liv' - rer
did he flinch or yield; Thus this daunt - less he - ro,

strong to do and dare, Heed - ing not the temp - ter's plea.
gov - erned con - science then— Dan - iel stood, a he - ro there!
watch - es near, un - seen, All who brave - ly do and dare.
true to God and right, Did a ho - ly in - fluence wield.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing in his might, ... Stand for God and right, ...
Trust - ing in his might, Stand for Je - sus,

Fear - less of the world's de - cree; . . . . . Be loy - al and true
stand a - lone!

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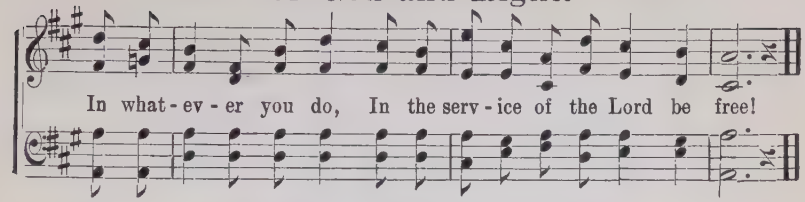
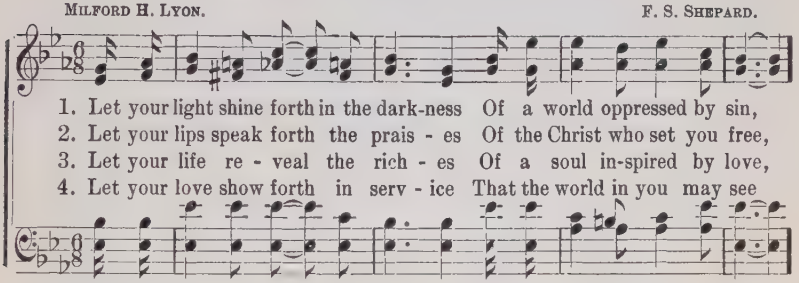
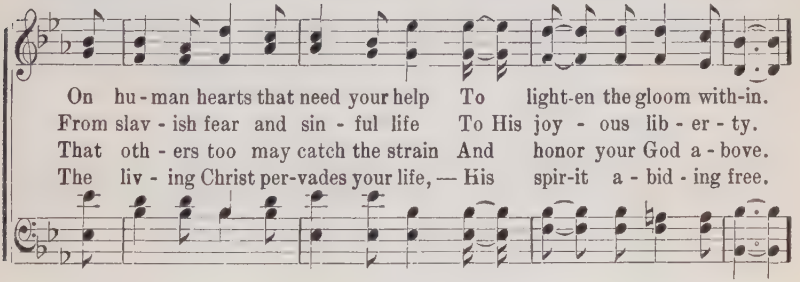
Stand for God and Right! Concluded.



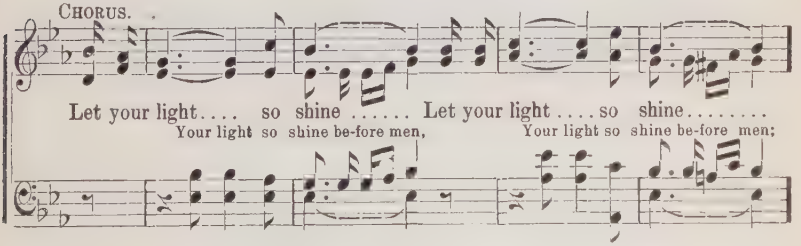
104 Let Your Light So Shine.

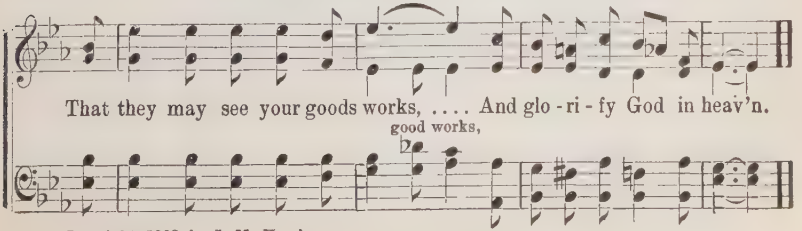
MILFORD H. LYON. F. S. SHEPARD.





CHORUS.





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105 Come to Jesus.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ Come to Je - sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus now;
{ He will save you, He will save you, } He will save you now.

106 I Will Arise.

J. HART. American Spirtual.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel-come; God's free bount-y glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall;

CHO.—*I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;*

I Will Arise. Concluded.

D. C. for Chorus.

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter You will nev - er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

107 Come, O Come, Ye Weary.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Love of God so pre-cious, Reaching all man-kind, All who come be - liev-ing,
2. Mer-cy's door is o - pen, O - pen wide to all, Hear the Sav-ior plead-ing,
3. Come, your sins con-fess-ing, Tired, wea - ry soul, And thy ma - ny bur-dens;
4. Love of God so precious, Oh, that all might know, Of His great sal - va-tion,

CHORUS.

Shall sal - va - tion find.
Hear His gen - tle call. Come, O come, ye wea - ry, Halt and maimed and blind,
On the Sav - ior roll.
And to glo - ry go.

1 2

Come, O come, your sins con-fess - ing And sal-va - tion find; Then, find.

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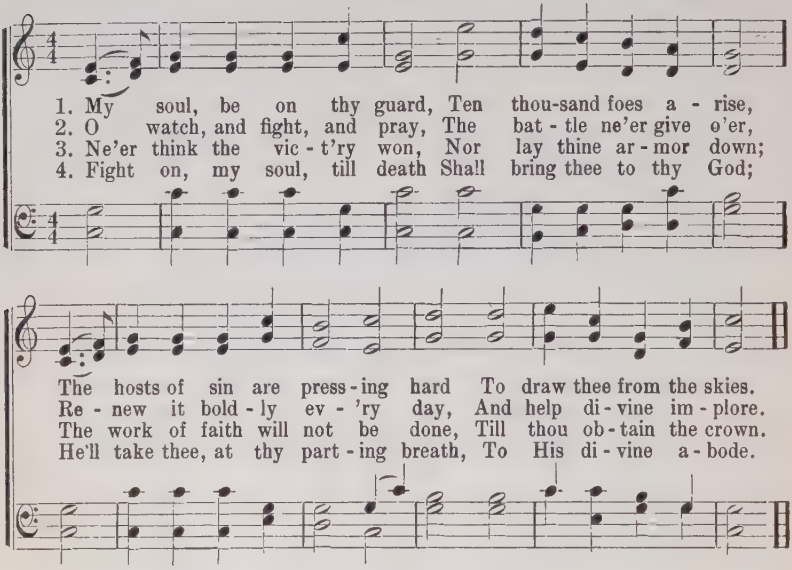
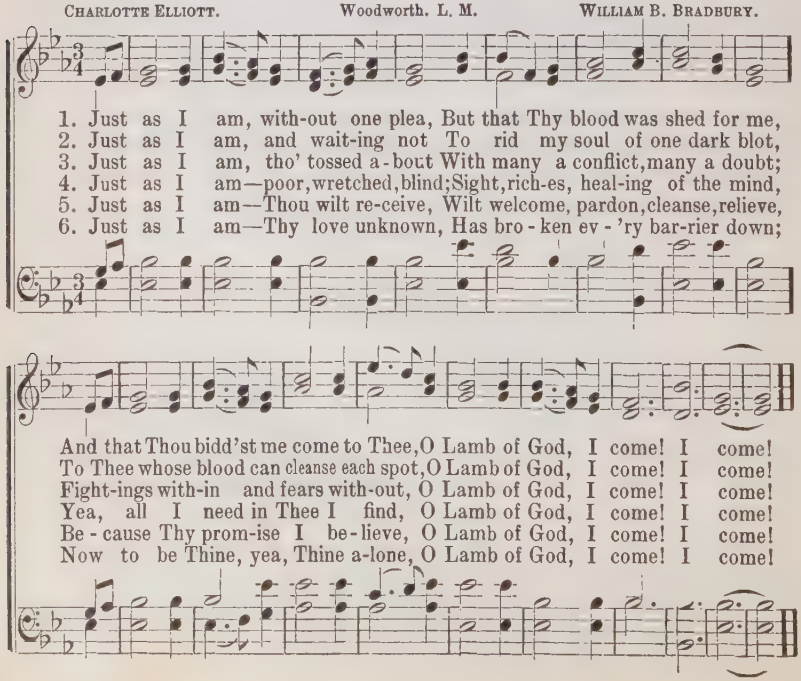
108 My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. Laban. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



109 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Woodworth. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



110 The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus,
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O! hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus:

:S: Fine.

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peach to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
O! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus.

D. C.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

Chorus. D. C.

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

111 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me, hide my - self in Thee:

D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

{ Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd }

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me;
Let me hide myself in Thee.

112 Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.

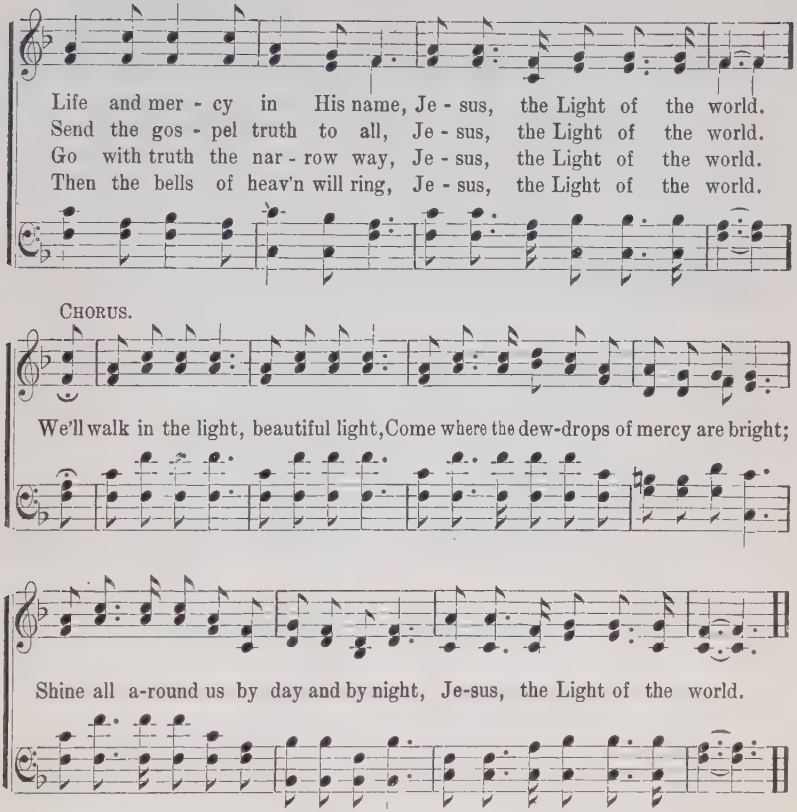
1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep-herd, re - sort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pas - tures of love; Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wild - er - ness rove?
3. O why should I wan - der, an a - lien from Thee, Or cry in the des - ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. Ye daugh - ters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The Star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say, if in your tents my Be- lov - ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.
5. He looks and ten thou-sands of an - gels re - joice, And my - ri - ads wait for His word; He speaks! and e - ter - ni - ty filled with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.
6. Dear Shep - herd! I hear and will fol - low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice; Re - store and de - fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.

113 Jesus, the Light of the World.

J. V. C. Arr.

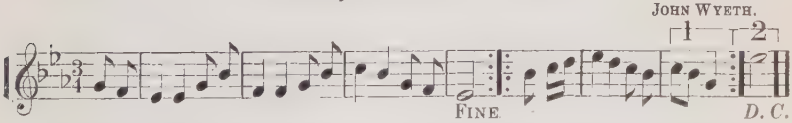
1. All ye saints of light pro-claim, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Hear the Sav-ior's earn - est call, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to - day, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Come, con - fess Him as your King, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

Jesus, the Light of the World. Concluded.



114 Come, Thou Fount.

JOHN WYETH.



1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Fount of Thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

—R. Robinson.

115 Savior, Like A Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav - ior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
   In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare.
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the guardian of our way;
   Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
   Bless-ed Lord, and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bosoms fill;

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;

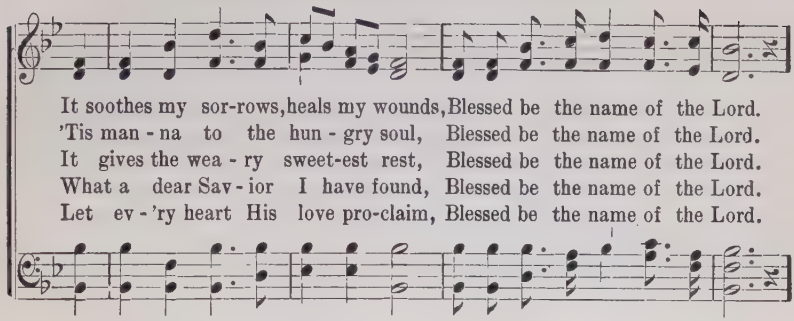
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou has bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

116 Blessed Be the Name.

J. NEWTON, ARR.

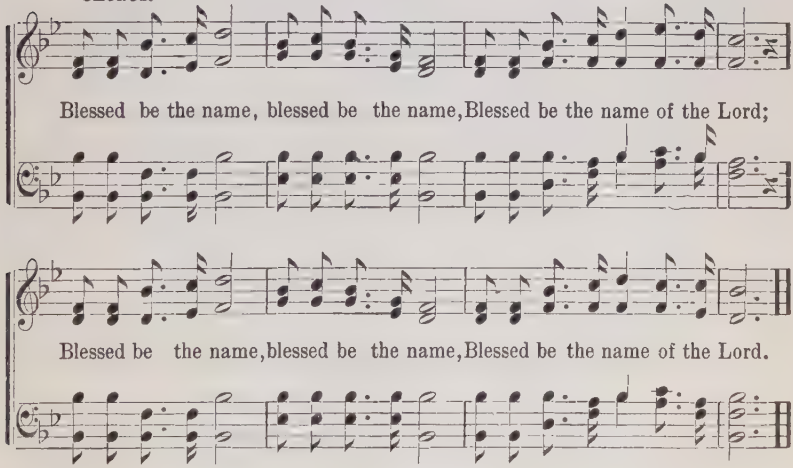
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub-led sin-ner's breast, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's mu - sic in the Sav-ior's name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed Be the Name. Concluded.



It soothes my sor-rows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
It gives the wea-ry sweet-est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
What a dear Sav-ior I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Let ev-'ry heart His love pro-claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

CHORUS.

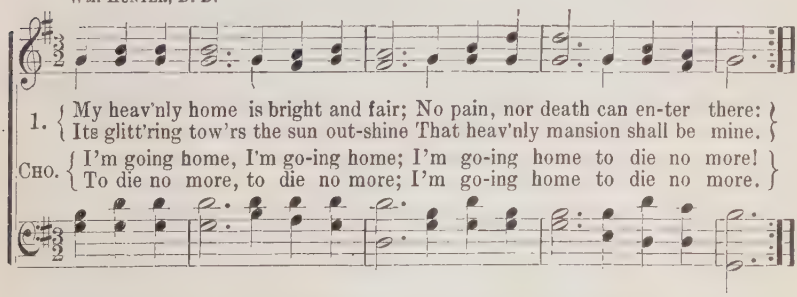


Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

117 I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.



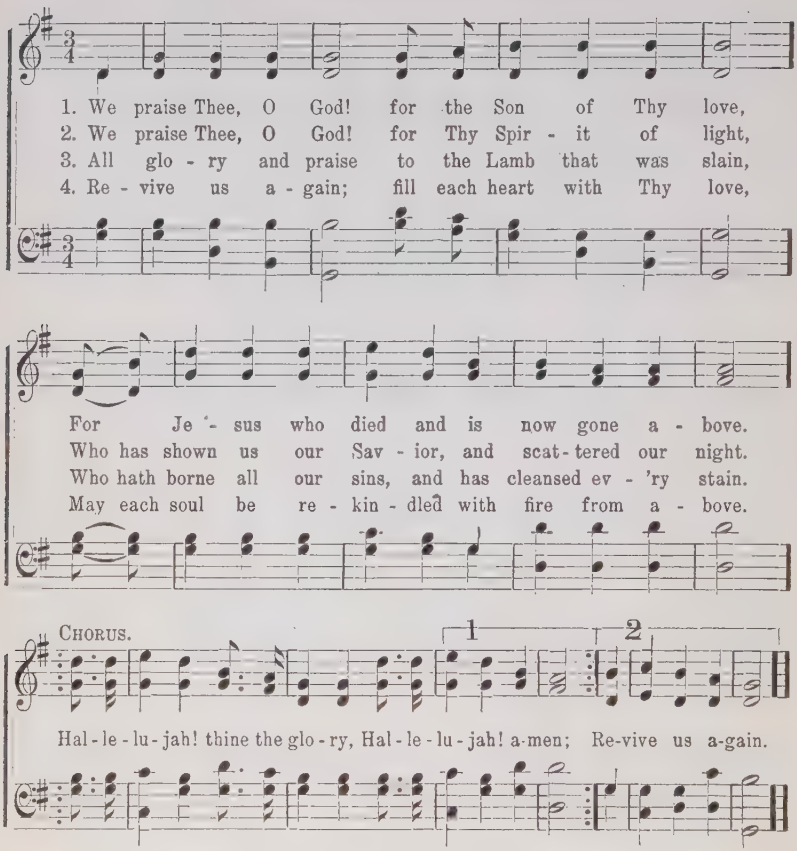
1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; No pain, nor death can en-ter there: Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

CHO. { I'm going home, I'm go-ing home; I'm go-ing home to die no more! To die no more, to die no more; I'm go-ing home to die no more. }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the star-ry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

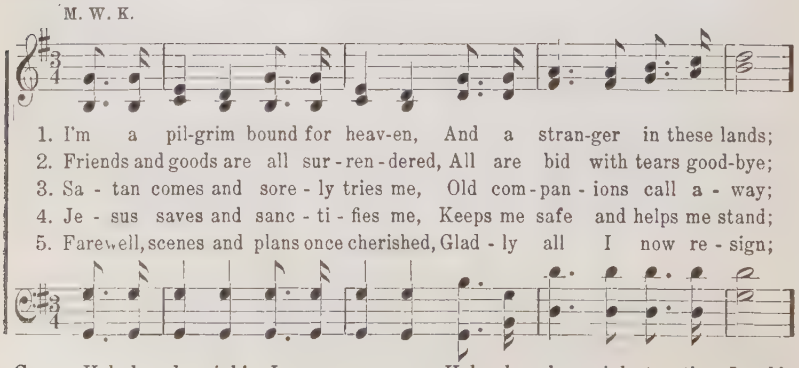
3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

118 We Praise Thee, O God.



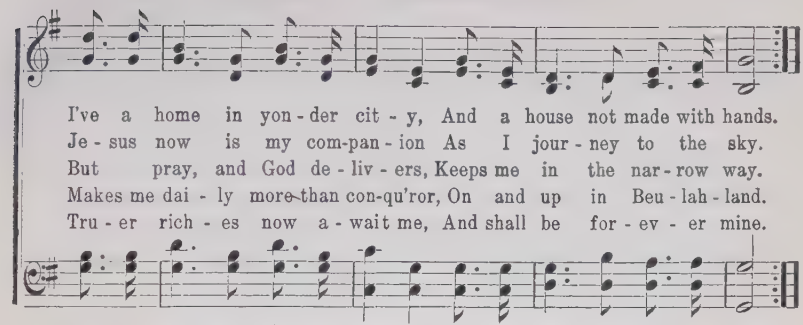
119 Bound for Heaven.

M. W. K.



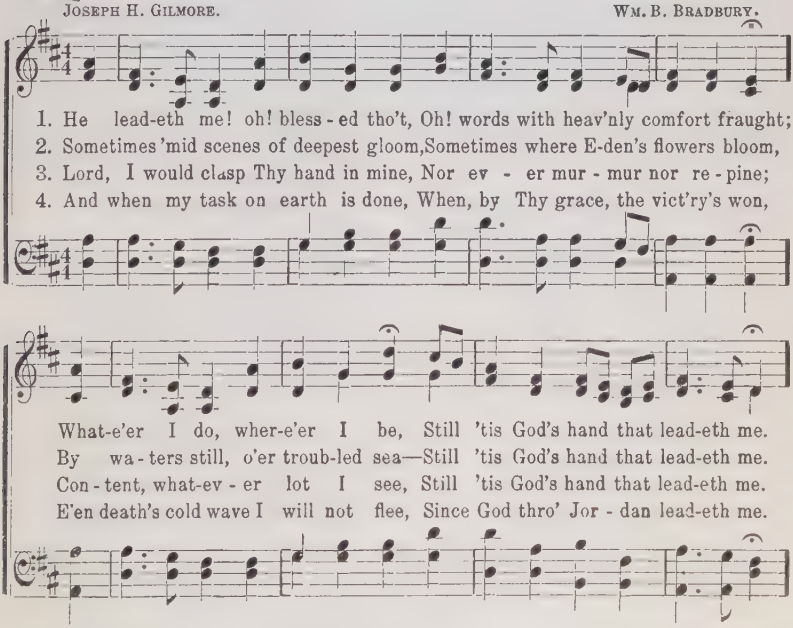
CHO.—*Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!*

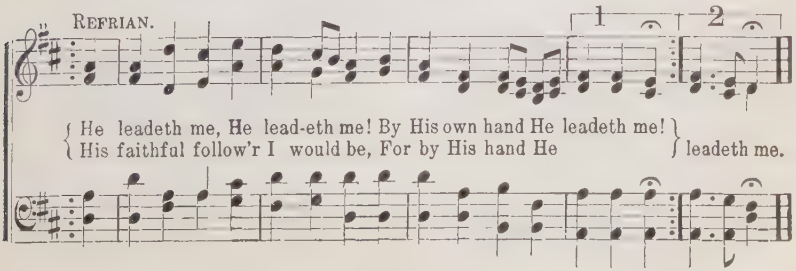
Bound for Heaven Concluded.



120 He Leadeth Me.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.





121 Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign: In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port-ed by Thy word.

122 The World Overcome.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, His love, His gracions voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

John Newton.

123 O For a Heart.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and cleaan,
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

C. Wesley.

124 O For a Faith!

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
Cut, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.

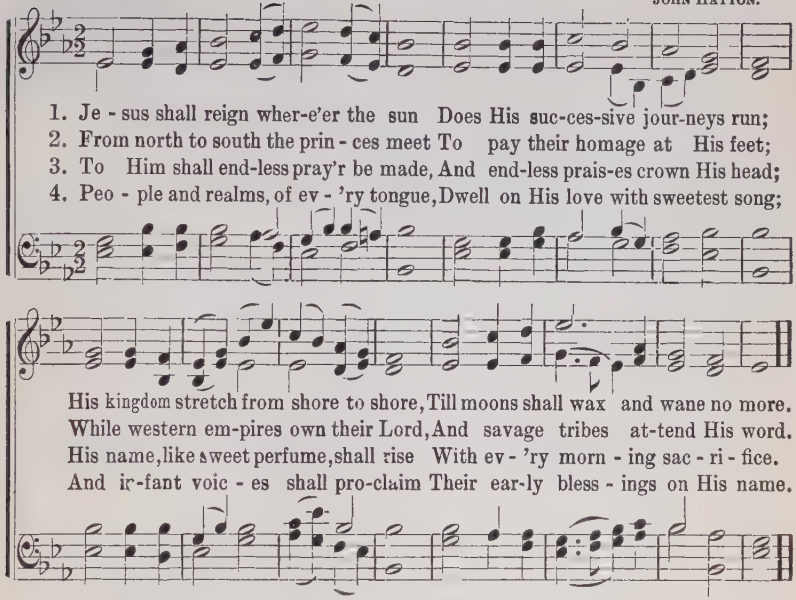
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

Wm. H. Bathurst.

125 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



126 Glorying in the Cross.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

127 Lord, I am Thine.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine would I be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies.

128 Not Ashamed of Jesus.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon.
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Joseph Grigg.

129 All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
} Je - sus paid it all!

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

130 Lord, I Hear of Showers.

MRS. E. CODNER. Even Me. 8, 7, 3. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;
Show'rs the thirst - y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me, }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to se
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

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131 Jesus is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

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132 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry
3. His oath, his cov-e-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a-

CHORUS.

trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with-in the veil.
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
} On Christ, the sol-id

rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

By per. Biglow & Main Co.

133 There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

COWPER.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins,

:S: FINE.

And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

D. S.-And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

D. S.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains,

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in His day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

134 I'm Believing and Receiving,

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are washed a - way, Black-est stains be - come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur - rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worthless, earth's de - light and show;
4. Sel - fish-ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know;
5. Fight-ing is a great de - light, Nev - er will I fear a foe,

CHO.—*I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv-ing While I to the fount-ain go;*

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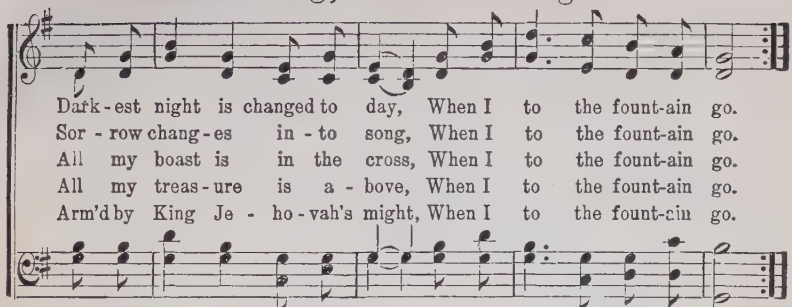
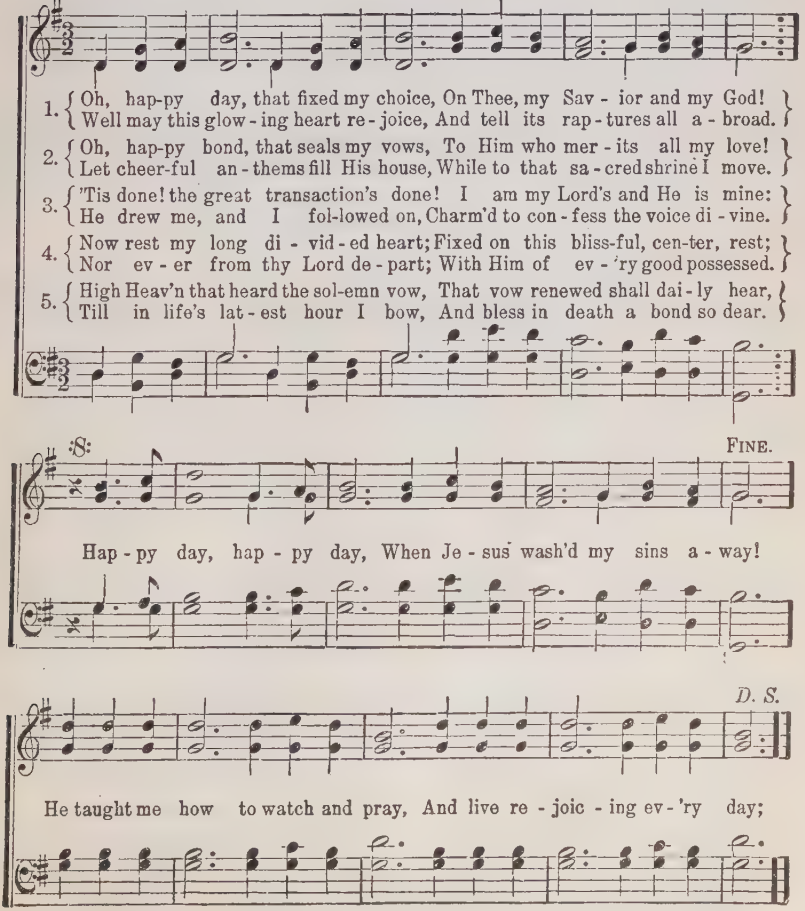
I'm Believing, and Receiving. Concluded.



135 Oh, Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English melody



136 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

137 Let Me Die.

Jeanette Palmiter. Anon.

Fine.

1. { O God, my heart doth long for Thee, Let me die, let me die; }
{ Now set my soul at lib - er - ty, Let me die, let me die; }
D. C.—My Sav - iour calls, I must go forth, Let me die, let me die.

D. C.

To all the tri - fling things of earth, They're now to me of lit - tle worth,

2 The slaying power in me display,
Let me die, let me die;
I must be dead from day to day,
Let me die, let me die;
Unto the world and its applause,
To all the customs, fashions, laws,
Of those who hate the humbling cross,
Let me die, let me die.

3 My friends may say, "I'll ruined be,"
Let me die, let me die;
But all I leave and follow Thee,
Let me die, let me die;
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment day,
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die, let me die.

138 How Firm a Foundation.

Arranged for this Work.

1. How firm a foun-da- tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel-lent word; What more can he say, than to you he hath said, Ye who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
2. In ev - 'ry con- di - tion, in sick-ness and health, In pov - er-ty's vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth, At home or a - broad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
3. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis-may'd: I,— I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous Om-nip - o-tent hand.
4. E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My con- stant, e - ter - nal, un-change - a - ble love; And when hoa - ry hairs shall their tem - ples a- dorn, Like lambs they shall still on my bo - som be borne.
5. The soul that on Je - sus doth lean for re - pose, I will not, I will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake.

139 Come, Ye That Love the Lord.

Isaac Watts. Rev. J. W. Dadmun.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets;
4. Then let our songs a- bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

Cho.–I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

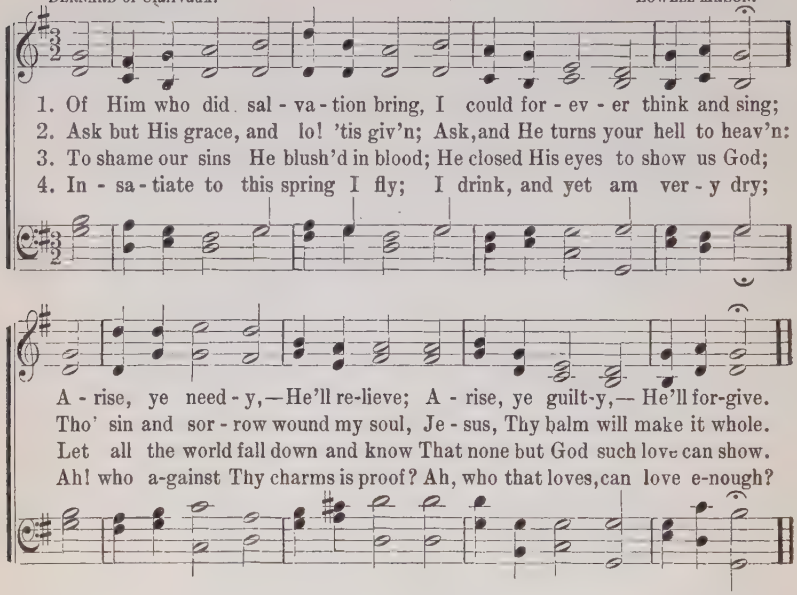
D.C. for Chorus.

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur-round the throne.
But ser-vants of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold- en streets.
We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Sal - va-tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va-tion's free.

140 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

BERNARD of Clairvaux. LOWELL MASON.



141 Set Me Free.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Savior of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 I would, but Thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

142 The Will of God.

1 He wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
The promise by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at Thy power,
Or doubt Thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with Thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

143 While Life Prolongs.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Timothy Dwight.

144 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, ALT. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav- y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis-cour- aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D.S.–All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.–Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

D.S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

145 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. Guide. 7s. D. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith- ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a bar - ren land; }

D.C.–Whisper soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol- low me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for e're re - joice, While they hear that sweet- est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er:

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood.—

146 Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: Now whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: Now whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait: Come now, and within me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

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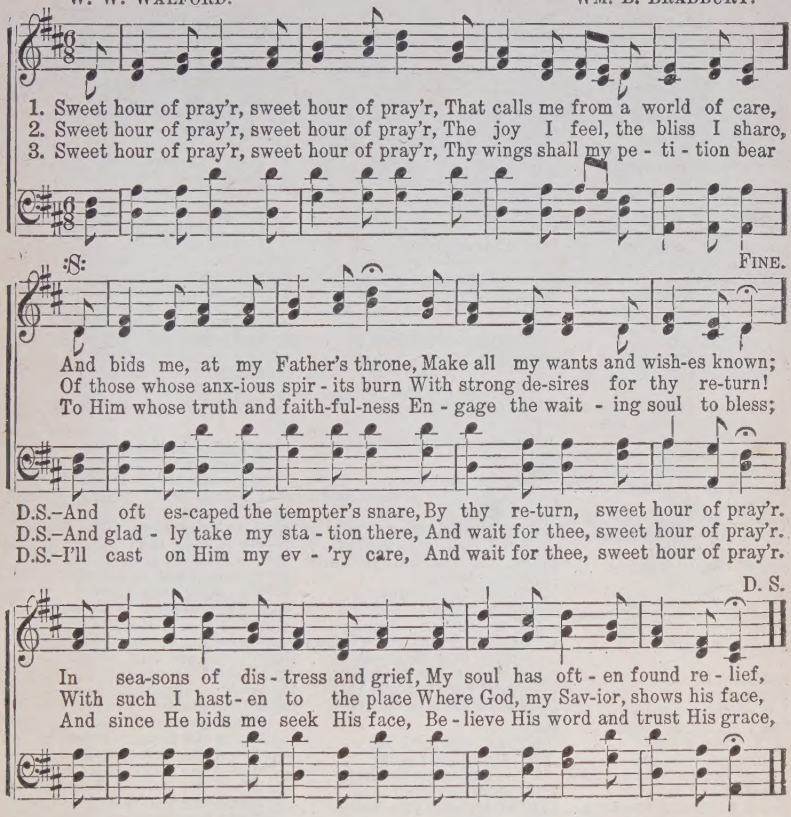
147 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

ANDREW REED. Mercy. 7s. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine; Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - den'd heart of mine; Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleeding heart.
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine; Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

148 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at [illegible] may fall;

Bring forth the ro[illegible] di - a - d[illegible] And crown Him Lord o[illegible]
Hail Him who sav[illegible] u by Hi[illegible] nd crown Him Lord o[illegible]
To Him all ma[illegible] s - ty [illegible] d crown Him Lord o[illegible]
We'll join the ev[illegible] er - last - i[illegible] rown Him Lord o[illegible] a

CHORUS.

By . . and by we'll see . . . . the k[illegible] By . . and
sure - ly se[illegible]

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